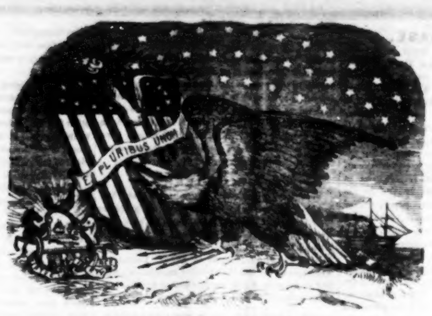
THE SATURDAY  EVENING POST.

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Original Pictures of Life.

THE

PET FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
AUTHOR OF "MALINA GRAY," "DAVID HUNT," ETC., ETC.

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CONTINUED.

CHAPTER X.

The grey morning dawned gloomily on Chester's desolated home, Isabella awoke and looked around with dull and heavy eyes. The beauty of her young face was clouded by a night of sharp anxiety and broken rest. Mary sat opposite, leaning with both elbows on the table, and regarding the poor child with a haggard and sorrowful countenance.

"Has he not come back—oh, Mary, is he not here yet?"

Mary shook her head. "I have been awake all night, every moment. He has not been here!"

"And I—how could I sleep; my poor father away, and mamma so ill. I did not think that anything could make me sleep at such a time, Mary!"

"But you were so tired; oh, I was glad when your head drooped on the table; it looked so pitiful to see you growing paler and paler, while she kept muttering to herself. I was glad that you could sleep at all, Isabella."

"I feel now as if I should never sleep again," replied the child, looking at the covered plate where her father's supper had been standing all night. "He will never come back, Mary Fuller, I feel sure of it now!"

Mary did not answer—she only covered her eyes with one hand and sat still.

Isabella arose, took the covered plate in both her hands and placed it in the cupboard, weeping bitterly; this act showed even plainer than her words that she really did not expect to see her father again. She crept back to Mary, and leaning upon her shoulder began to cry with low and suppressed passion. Poor thing, it is a hard lesson when childhood first learns to curb its natural grief.

"What shall we do, Mary," whispered the poor child, burying her wet face upon the deformed shoulder that received its burden unshrinkingly; "oh, what can we do?"

"Isabella," said Mary, solemnly, "what should we do if—if your father should be dead?"

"He is dead—or very, very sick—I am sure of that; what else could keep him from home, and mamma calling for him so pitifully? Mary, I am sure that he is dead; we shall never, never see him again!" and with a burst of terrible grief the poor child flung her arms around Mary Fuller, and sank to the floor, almost dragging the little deformed with her. "Mary, he is dead—he is dead!"

"Who is dead—who is dead, I say? Why do you crowd the room with people; oh, such people, all in loose clothes—scarlet, gold, purple, green—why do you not send them away?" cried the voice of Mrs. Chester, and there was a rustling of the bed-clothes, as if she were trying to cast them from her.

The children held their breath, and cowered close together. Again Mrs. Chester spoke.

"Leave the children, leave them; I did not tell you to drive the children away. Chester, Chester, they are taking our children off. Isabella—Mary Fuller, come back!"

"I am here—no one shall take me away," said Mary Fuller, bending over the bed; "Isabella, too, is close by your pillow—she has been crying to see you so sick; do not mind her eyes, they will grow bright again when you are well!"

Mrs. Chester started up in the bed, a moment of consciousness seemed to come over her—she looked at Mary and at Isabella, and spoke to them in a whisper, leaning half out of bed—

"Girls, where is he? tell me now, Mary, that's a good little girl—what have they done with him?"

The children looked at each other, and Isabella began to sob.

"How long is it since I went to sleep? he was here then, you know!" said the invalid.

"Only a little while!" answered Mary, quickly. "You have not slept long."

"Oh, I thought—but then people will dream such things—I say, just tell me that he will be back soon—can't you tell me that, little folks?"

"Lie down, there, now take a glass of ice-water, and I will go after him," said Mary, exerting all her little strength to persuade the invalid back to her pillow.

"Ice, ice! give me a whole handful—no water, but clear cold ice!"

And they gave it to her; in her burning hands and her parched mouth they placed the crystal coldness; it slaked the burning fever. It melted in her hand, dripping in soft rain down her arms and over her bosom, where the hand lay clinched tightly upon its cool treasure. With her white teeth she crushed the diamond fragments in her mouth, and laughed to feel the drops flowing down her throat.

"Now, Mary, little Mary Fuller, go and tell him that I am wide awake, and waiting for him! Go now, while the ice is plenty, he shall have a share."

"I will go!" said Mary, and drawing Isabella from the room she told her to stay close by her mother, to give her anything she wanted—and while giving the directions she put on her hood and shawl.

"I will find him; I will not come back without news; but, oh, Isabella, I have little hope of anything but news that will kill her, and almost kill us; I would not say this, but it has been in my heart since ten o'clock last night. I was all alone, and—don't cry again, Isabella—it seemed to me as if he died then!"

Isabella turned very pale, and she gazed upon Mary in terrible silence.

"And I was asleep then!" she said in a voice of self reproach.

"Hush!" said the deformed, gently, "in our sleep we must be nearest to Heaven; why should you feel bad because you were closer to him than I was?"

"I—I dreamed of him!" answered Isabella, as if struck by some sudden remembrance, and her eyes so heavy the moment before, lighted up; "I dreamed of him!"

"And what did you dream, tell me that, Isabella—what did you dream?"

"I don't know all—but he was away in such a beautiful, beautiful place; the hills were all purple and gold and crimson with light—or flowers or something that made them more lovely than anything you ever sat eyes on. The rivers were so clear that you could see down, down into the water—and the banks, all covered with flowers, seemed to slope down and line the bottom with soft colors that broke up through; it was all shifting and rolling before me like a cloud. But as true as you live, Mary, I saw my father there, and—yes—now I am sure—mamma was with him—she was, Mary Fuller; and so you see they will meet again, if there is anything in dreams. You will find him, I am sure you will find him. Oh, Mary, I am so glad that I fell asleep, while you were watching!"

Mary did not speak, but threw her arms around the beautiful, and now animated child—oh, hope springs so readily to the young heart—kissing her tenderly before she went forth.

"It was a sweet dream!" she murmured, going down the stairs; "I had many such when my father died. I suppose God sends them to comfort little children when He makes orphans of them—but mother! I never saw my mother and him together; oh, if I had but seen that only once!" and Mary Fuller passed into the street, pursuing her mournful errand with a mournful spirit. "I will go," she said, communing with herself; "I will go first to the chief's office—Mr. Chester took away the star and book in his pocket, I saw that. They must know something of him at the chief's office;" and she bent her way to the Park.

It was a bright spring morning, the fog that had hung upon the city over night, was swept upward by the sun, and lay upon the horizon in a host of fleecy clouds. The trees around the Park fountain and the City Hall, were in the first tender green of their foliage, and the damp night had left them vivid with moisture, through which the sun was shining. The fountain was in full force at the time, shooting up its columns of diamond spray to the very tree tops, and woven with the sunshine that laced the myriads and myriads of liquid threads together, with a rain-bow that seemed to tremble and break every instant, but always to shine out again brighter than before. The rush and hum of the waters, the raining down of the cool and broken spray; the soft shiver of the leaves and the young grass just peeping from the earth all around, were enough to make a happy heart beat lighter ten fold under the influence of so much beauty. But the poor little hunchback looked upon the scene with a heavy eye—all the fresh growth of nature seemed but to mock her as she passed through it. She would have given worlds for power to convey the sweet air that swept so prodigally by her face, to the close room of Mrs. Chester. It seemed like a sin to breathe that delicious spring breeze, while she lay panting on her fever couch!

The chief received the little girl very kindly, and gave her all the information he possessed regarding Chester; but that was very little, only stating half an hour from the time the unhappy one left home. Mary turned away with an aching heart—where should she go? of whom might she inquire? The broad city was before her, but in what part should her search be directed?

Mary crossed the Park and moved down toward the corner of Ann street. She paused for a moment, pondering over the heavy doubt in her mind, when a cart guarded by two policemen, and over which an old blanket had been flung, drove by her. Something smote her heart as the rude vehicle passed her, for it seemed as if she could detect the outline of a human form beneath the blanket. She started, and followed the cart. It rolled slowly up Broadway and turned into Chamber street—along the whole length of the old Alms House buildings it went, and still the little girl followed after—trembling in every limb and scarcely drawing a full breath.

The cart stopped at a point nearest to this building, where the unrecognized dead are carried. The two policemen drew away the old blanket, and there, outstretched upon a piece of carpet, Mary saw her benefactor. She moved slowly forward, she clung with her cold hands to the side of the cart and bent her eyes upon that still, white face. The sunshine poured fully upon it, and the breeze swept back from that marble forehead the bright hair that she had seen Mr. Chester arrange so often. It might have been the sunshine—or perhaps that God, "who careth for the fall of a sparrow," had left a smile upon those white lips to comfort the little girl; for it is in small things often that the goodness of our Heavenly Father is most visible.

"He is smiling—oh, he smiles on me," cried the child, with a burst of tears, lifting her face to the policeman, with a look that went to his heart. "He did not smile like that not once since his birth-day," and overcome with all the sweet recollections of that day the child covered her face and wept aloud, while the bystanders stood lost in wonder, gazing upon her.

"Did you know this man?" questioned one of the officers, addressing the child, and motioning the driver to be quiet, for he had other work to do, and was in haste to get the body of Chester into the dead house.

"Did I know him?" repeated the child, looking up through her tears with an expression of wonder that he should ask the question. "Did I know him?"

"If you did," rejoined the man, "tell us his name and perhaps we need not carry him in there."

"In where?" said the child, looking wildly at the building to which the man pointed. "That is not his home."

"No, it is the dead house," replied the man.

"The dead house!" repeated the child, and her lips grew pale with horror. "And must he go there?"

"Not if you can point out his home, perhaps he is your father?"

"He was more than that—he was—oh, sir, you do not know how good he was to me!"

"Well, what was his name—if you can tell us that, and take us to his house we will drive there at once. The coroner has seen him, there is nothing to prevent!"

"His name, sir," answered the little girl, making a brave effort to speak calmly. "His name was John Chester. He was in the police and lived up in the Nineteenth Ward."

"John Chester! that is the man who held the place that Smith has got this very morning. I saw him at the Mayor's office not half an hour ago with the appointment in his hand," said the officer, addressing his companion.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow, it was a hard case!" and the policemen reverently settled the body upon the cart and bade the driver go to the chief's office and bring a cloak which he had left there.

While the man was absent there came along Chamber street two persons walking close together and conversing earnestly. They were passing the cart without seeming to heed its mournful burden, when Mary Fuller looked up and saw them, a faint cry broke from her lips, her eyes kindled through the tears that filled them, and drawing her bent form almost upright, she stood directly before the gate through which the Mayor and his companion, the Alderman of the Nineteenth, were about to pass on their way to the City Hall.

"Sir," she said, with solemn dignity, pointing with one pale and trembling finger toward the cart, "turn and look." The Mayor at first stepped back, for the sight of that little creature was loathsome to him, but there was that in her attitude and in her eye which he could not resist, and spite of himself he turned as her finger directed, and his eyes fell upon the dead form of Chester. For an instant his face changed, a pallor stole over his lips, and he trembled in the presence of the wronged dead, but he was a man whom emotion never conquered long, and turning coldly from the child he went up to the cart and addressed the policeman in charge of the corpse—"How and where did this man die?" he said, in his usual cold voice.

"He died in the street—alone upon a pier unfrequented after dark. Last night somewhere between nine o'clock and morning was the time. The coroner renders in his verdict hemorrhage of the lungs."

"He died," said the little girl, solemnly gazing upon the dead, "he died of a broken heart. I know that it was breaking, and that he would not live long when he left us last night."

"Men do not die of broken hearts in these days," said the Mayor, turning away. "It is only women and children that talk of such things. See," he continued, addressing the officer, "that the body is taken to his house and properly cared for. This should be a warning to all in your department, sir." The policeman bit his lip and his eyes flashed, the only answer that he made was given in a stern voice, "I will do my duty, sir!" and the Mayor passed on, joining his companion. The ruddy face of the Alderman was many shades paler than usual, and his voice faltered as he addressed the Mayor. "This is very shocking. If I had known that it would end so, I for one would have had nothing to do with it!"

"I am sorry that you are dissatisfied!" answered his honor, coldly. "The case you brought against the man seemed a very clear one—nothing could have been stronger than the evidence, otherwise with all my disposition to serve you, I should not have acted as I did."

The Alderman paused in profound astonishment, his eyes wide open, and his heavy lips parted—gazing upon the impassive form of his friend.

"But, sir, but—" he could not go on, the profound composure of the Mayor paralized him—he really began to think that the whole guilt of this innocent man's death rested with himself, that he had altogether misunderstood his honor from the first.

Having deepened and settled this conviction upon his conscience-stricken dupe by a lengthened and grave silence, the Mayor added, consolingly:

"In political life, these things must be expected; of course no one is responsible for the casualties that may occur—no doubt this man was consumptive long before you ever saw him!"

"I wish that he had never crossed my path, at any rate," replied the Alderman, almost sternly. "To my dying day I shall never forget that face! I do not know, I cannot think, how I was ever led into persecuting him. Smith wanted the appointment, true enough, and he had done something toward my election, but so had fifty others; how on earth did I ever come to take all this interest in his claim?"

An expression that was almost a smile stole over the Mayor's lip, as he received this compliment to his consummate craft, and the two passed on.

Meantime, the policeman returned from the chief's office with a cloak, which was placed reverently over the body of poor Chester. The little girl crept upon the cart, and placing the marble head in her lap, she began to arrange the hair upon that cold forehead as the poor wife had loved to see it best, and so the cart moved on with its mournful load.

How sad and heavy was that young creature's heart, as she drew near the once happy home.—They stopped by the door.

"Let me! oh, let me," said the child, "go up first. It will kill them to see him all of a sudden, in this way."

The driver had lost much time, but he could not resist the touching appeal of that poor child.

"It is a dreadful thing," he said,—"let her go up first."

Mary gently removed that pale head from her lap, and went into the house. Heavy was her heart, and heavy was her step, as she mounted the stairs. She paused at the door. Her hand trembled upon the latch; her strength was giving way before the terrible trial that awaited her. But she heard them below lifting in the dead. She heard the heavy cloak sweeping along the hall, and with fear that it would all come upon poor Mrs. Chester while she was unprepared by a word, she turned the latch and went in.

The chamber was empty. Mary ran to the little bed-room. It was as still as a grave. The tumbled bed was unoccupied; the bed-clothes trailing half upon the floor. Upon the stand was a glass of water, and a muslin cap, crushed in a heap, and half soaked through by the water that dripped from a lump of ice lying near the tumbler. The loose night-dress which Mrs. Chester had worn, lay trailing across the door sill, and a pillow rested upon the side of the bed, indented in the centre, as if some one sitting upon the floor had rested against it.

When the three men came in, bearing Chester's body between them, Mary stood gazing upon these things in speechless and pale astonishment.

"They are gone," she said, turning her wild eyes upon the men. "God must have told her what was coming, and she could not bear it."

"And is no one here?" questioned one of the officers,—"no one to watch over him but the little girl?—this is strange!" And the three men paused in the midst of the room, gazing upon each other over their mournful burden.

"Smooth up the bed a little, and let us lay him there!" said the driver, becoming impatient with the delay.

"Not there—*she* will come back—she could not go far—on my bed—lay him here, on my bed and Isabella's. It is made up—no one slept in it last night!" exclaimed Mary, opening the door of her little room.

They laid poor Chester upon the humble but clean couch; upon the bed that his noble benevolence had supplied to the orphan who stood weeping over him. The rustle of that poor straw, as it shrunk to meet his body, was a nobler tribute to those who know how to think, than a thousand minute guns could have been. They were about to arrange his head upon the bolster, but Mary went into the next room, in haste, and brought forth the pillow which still revealed the pressure that Mrs. Chester had left upon it.

"Lay him upon her pillow," said the child.—"He would have asked for it, I know."

Those stout men looked upon the child with a feeling of profound respect. They drew back, and allowed her to arrange the death-couch according to her own will. She could not bear the stiff and rigid position in which they had placed him, but laid the hands gently and naturally down. When she turned away, the cold look had been softened somewhat, and in the solemn repose of death there was blended the smile and the sweetness of that calm, deep slumber, when the soul is dreaming of Heaven.

The three men went forth, and Mary followed them, closing the door reverently after her.

"I must stay with him," she said, "but Mrs. Chester and Isabella both are gone, he must not be left alone, or I ought to go in search of them. She was very, very ill, and out of her head I am afraid, and poor Isabella is only a little girl that would not know what to do!"

"I will search for them," said one of the policemen, kindly. "Stay here till some one comes—I am far more certain to find them than such a little thing as you would be."

And they left the child alone. For a little time she sat down and wept, but her grief was not of a kind to waste itself in tears, while any thing remained undone that could give comfort to others.

"They will bring her back—they will both come," she said, inly, checking her tears. "I will make up her bed, and find something for Isabella to eat; she had no breakfast, and did not relish the bread last night. If they find every thing snug and tidy it will not seem so bad."

So the little girl went to work, putting every thing in its place, and noiselessly removing the dust that had settled on the scant furniture. Alas, there was not much for her to do, for those desolated rooms contained few of the comforts that had once rendered them so cheerful. When the bed was arranged and the outer room swept, Mary sat down a moment, for grief and watching rendered her very weary, and she was so young that the profound stillness appalled her. Then there came a faint knock at the door, and she was arising to open it when the little lame boy stood in the opening.

"Grandfather went out early this morning, and mother is away up town, sewing, for a week—I saw it all from the window, and thought that you might be glad to have some one sit with you," said the gentle boy, moving with difficulty across the room.

Mary looked up, and these low words unsealed her grief again.

"O, Benjy! Benjy! they are gone. He is dead. He is lying in there, all alone!"

"I know it," answered the boy, sitting down by her, "and I was just thinking how strange it was that people so handsome and so good, should be sick and die off, when such little things as you and I are left."

Mary looked up eagerly through her tears.

"Oh, you don't know how I prayed, and prayed that God would only take me, and let him live!" she said. "But He wouldn't, He wouldn't, here I am, stronger than ever, and there he is!"

The boy sat still and mused, with his eyes bent on the floor.

"It does seem strange," he said, after a time,—"but then God ought to know best, because He knows every thing."

"I said that to myself, when I sat on the cart, with his head in my lap," answered Mary.

"I dare say Mr. Chester was so good to every body that God thought he had done enough, and ought to be in Heaven, and perhaps He has a great deal for you to do, yet, little and weak as you seem. I shouldn't wonder!"

"What could I do, compared to him?" answered Mary, meekly.

"I don't know, I am sure, but I dare say that God does," replied the boy.

Mary did not answer. Oppressed by the mournful solitude of the place, worn out by long watching and excitement, she could hardly find strength to speak. Still it was a comfort to have the lame boy in the same room, and his gentle efforts at consolation fell soothingly on her feelings.

"That—that is Isabella's step," she said, at length, lifting her eyes, and fixing them upon the door. "How slow—how heavy. She is alone, too. Oh, Benjy, do not go away; I cannot bear to tell her yet."

"I will stay!" said the boy.

The door opened, and Isabella came in. The lovely child was hardly beautiful then. Her cheeks were pale; her eyes heavy and swollen, and the raven hair fell in dishevelled waves over her shoulders. She crossed the room to where the two children sat, and seating herself wearily on the floor, laid her head in Mary's lap.

"She is gone, Mary, I cannot find her any where," said the child. "I have been walking, walking, walking, and no mother—no father. I don't know where I have been, Mary—I don't know what I said to the people, but they couldn't tell me any thing about them!"

"Poor Isabella!—poor little Isabella!" said Mary, laying her thin hand upon the child's head, and turning her mournful look on the crippled boy, who met the glance with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"I am worn out, Mary. It seemed to me a little while ago, that I was dying—and if it hadn't been for thinking that you would be left alone, I should have been glad of it!"

"Oh, don't, Isabella, don't talk in that way!" said Mary, and her tears fell; "you are tired and hungry—oh, she must be hungry," and Mary looked at the lame boy. "See how the shadows are slanting this way, and she hasn't tasted a mouthful since last night."

"I don't know; I hadn't thought of it—but I believe I am hungry!" and the big tears rolled over Isabella's cheeks.

Mary arose and placed that little weary head upon the seat of her chair,—"She isn't used to it, like us," she said, addressing the boy.

"No," he answered, "she can't be expected to stand it as we should. I hope you have got something for her to eat; we haven't a mouthful up stairs, I'm afraid!"

Mary went to the cupboard. It was empty—not a crust was there save the supper which had been put away for poor Chester the night before. Mary hesitated—it seemed terrible to offer that food to the poor child, and yet there was nothing else. Mary went up to Isabella and whispered to her—

"Have you a sixpence—have you only a penny or two left of the money?"

"No," replied Isabella, with a sob. "I spent the last for ice, and when I came back with it, she wasn't in the room. I flung the ice on the stand and ran out into the street after her, but you know how it was—she has gone like him."

Mary turned toward the cupboard; she placed the cold supper on another plate, and bringing it forth, spread a clean cloth upon the table, and placed a knife and fork.

"Come," she said, bending over the sorrow-stricken child. "Isabella, dear, get up, and try if you can eat this—it will give you strength."

The child arose, put back the dishevelled hair that had fallen over her face, and sat down by the table. She took up the knife and fork, but as her heavy eyes fell upon the contents of the plate, she laid them down again.

"Oh, Mary, I mustn't eat that; he may come home yet, and what shall we have to give him?"

Again the lame boy and Mary exchanged glances—both were pale, and in the soft eyes of the boy there glistened, for the first time that day, a tear. He beckoned Mary to him, and whispered—

"Tell her now—she must know; if those men come back while she is hoping on, it will kill her."

Mary stood for a moment, mustering strength for this new trial; then she crept slowly up to Isabella's chair, and laid her thin arm around the child's neck. That little arm trembled, and the low speech of Mary Fuller trembled more painfully still.

"Isabella, your father will never want food again—they have brought him home—and he is lying in our own little room."

"Asleep!" said Isabella, starting to her feet, while a flush of wild joy came to her face.

"No, Isabella, he is dead!"

Isabella stood motionless. Her arms sunk, her parted lips grew white, and closed slowly together. The life seemed freezing in her young veins.

"Come, and you shall see how he smiles, Isabella, it is like sleep, only more beautiful," and Mary drew the heart stricken child into the chamber of death; chilled with grief and shivering with awe, Isabella gazed upon her father, the tears upon her cheek seemed freezing; then a feeble shudder passed over her limbs and after the first long gaze she turned her eyes upon Mary with a look of deep and helpless misery. Mary wreathed her arms around the child, and her tears fell like rain, while the expression that lay upon her lip was full of holy sweetness.

"Isabella, dear, let us kneel down and say our prayers, he can hear us yet."

"Yet!" broke from Isabella's pale lips, and she shook her head.

"Heaven is but a little way off," answered Mary; "you and I have both got a father there now!"

The two little girls knelt down together, and truly it seemed as if that marble face smiled upon them.

The door was closed between them and the outer room where the little crippled boy sat. He heard the low tone of their voices; he heard sobs and a passionate outbreak of sorrow; he heard these die and ebb mournfully away, and then arose a low silvery voice, deep, clear, angel-like, and with it came the words of a prayer,—the words were simple in their pathos,—the language such as springs from the heart of a child when it overflows with love and tears. The crippled boy bent his head reverently, his meek blue eyes filled with unshed drops. He grasped his slender crutch—his hand slid softly down the smooth wood, and the little creature sunk to his knees and wept, softly, as he listened.

Thus the children were found a little time after, when an undertaker came by order of the Chief of Police to prepare the dead for honorable burial. Following his example, a few noble fellows about his office had contributed out of their pay, and thus poor Chester was saved from a pauper's grave.

A little before night they carried the noble dead out through the hall that his light foot had trod so often. Behind him went those two little girls, hand in hand, looking very sorrowful, but weeping no longer. Upon Mary's head was an old but well kept mourning bonnet—a little too large—which the lame boy had brought down from the scant wardrobe of his widowed mother, and around Isabella's little straw cottage lay a band of black crape, which had served his mother in her mourning as a neck tie. The boy watched them from the window so long as those mournful objects could be seen, and then crept to his own home, comforted in his sorrow by the humble acts of kindness that had mitigated the sorrow of others.

In this world, let no man say that he is so humble or so helpless that he has no power to contribute something to the happiness of others—poor and feeble and lame was that crippled child, but still his mother's old bonnet and the scrap of crape had cast one gleam of comfort on the misery of those orphan mourners.

CHAPTER XI.

Disease, thou art a fearful thing
  When, half disarmed by household care,
Thou sweepest with thy poison wing,
  O'er the loved forms to which we cling
  And, bending to the sweet and fair,
  Leav'st thy corroding mildew there!
But if thou tread'st the plundered track,
  Where poverty has swept before,
Leaving his victim on the rack,
Then, then, thou art a demon black,
  That steals within the poor man's door,
  Crushing his hopes forevermore!

And Jane Chester—where was she while strangers were bearing away the husband of her youth to his lone grave? Amid her fever that day,—amid all her delirium, one idea had been vivid and prominent before her. The woman's heart remained true to its anchorage amid the storm and fire of approaching ship-fever—long after reason had failed, the love that was stronger than reason told her that some great evil was befalling her husband. Time was to her a vague thing; she thought that he had been gone for weeks—that he was seeking for her and the children along the wharves and in the dim alleys of the city, and that the Mayor had forbidden him to come home. She would seek him—she would take food and clean garments to him in the street. He should not wander there so poverty-stricken and neglected, without her. In defiance of the Mayor, in defiance of the whole world, she would go to him.

This thought ran through her burning brain, and trembled wildly on her tongue. Her husband!—her husband!—he could not come to her, and she must go to him. But the two little girls—they appeared to her like guards—great giant creatures dressed in fantastic uniform, stationed by her bed to coerce and frighten her. They held her back, they seemed to smother her in the bed clothes, and gird her head down to the pillow with the hot clasp of their united hands. These two little creatures became to her an object of terrible dread. She longed for strength to tear them down from the towering altitude which her imagination gave, and blindfold them, as they—in her fever fancy—had blindfolded her with their scorching hands.

She saw little Mary Fuller put on her hood and go forth with a thrill of insane delight. That wild, uncouth form had seemed far more terrible than the other, and yet now the petite figure of her own child seemed to rise and swell over her like a fiend.

"Ice—ice!" She knew, in her delirium, that this cry sometimes sent her dreaded jailors from the room. If they were away, she could find her clothes—she could steal softly down stairs, and away after him.

"Ice—ice!" she cried. "I will drink nothing unless the ice rattles in the glass—cold, cold. It must be cold as death, I say."

Isabella rose up in terror, and taking the last sixpence, went forth for the ice. Then the mother laughed beneath the bed clothes. Alone, all alone. She started up—tore off her cap and her night-dress, and thrust her unstockinged feet in a pair of slippers that stood near the bed.

Several dresses hung in the room; with her eager and burning hands she took them down, cast all but one on the floor, and put that on, laughing low and dismally all the while. A bandbox stood at the foot of the bed; she crept to it, took out a bonnet, and drew it with her trembling hands over the disordered masses of her hair, which she tried vainly to smooth with her hot palm. Strong with fever, wild with apprehension that her guard might return, the poor woman arose to her feet, and after steadying herself by the door-frame awhile, staggered from the room down the stairs and into the broad city.

Filled with the one idea of finding her husband, she passed on, turning a corner—another, and pausing now and then by an iron railing, to which she clung, with a desperate effort to keep herself upright.

Many persons saw her as she passed on, reeling in her walk, and with her sweet face flushed crimson—but alas! these sights are not uncommon in our city, from causes far more heart-rending than illness, and with a passing thought of wonder that a person of her appearance should be thus exposed at mid-day, those who noticed her went by, some smiling in scorn, others filled with such pity as the humble good feel for erring humanity. But the poor invalid tottered forward, unconscious of their pity or their scorn. She had but one object—one fixed thought among all the wild ideas that floated through her brain—her husband. She was in search of him, and in her fever-strength, she walked on and on, murmuring his name over and over to herself, as a lost child mutters the name of its parents.

At last her strength gave way, she was upon a broad sidewalk to which the granite steps swept down from many a lordly mansion. Her head reeled, the sunshine fell upon her eyes like sparks of fire, she clung to an iron balustrade, swung half round with a feeble effort to sustain herself and sunk upon the pavement, moaning as she fell. Many persons passed by the poor invalid as she lay thus prone upon the stones. At last one more curious or more humane than the rest, bent down and spoke to her. She opened her eyes, looked at him with a dull, vacant gaze, and he ought him in husky tones to go away and tell Chester that she was there waiting. The man saw that she was helpless, and, let the cause be what it might, incapable of moving. He called to a woman who was passing by with a basket on her arm, and gave her a shilling to sit down and hold the invalid's head in her lap, while he went for help.

"She may be only ill," said the benevolent Samaritan to the officer of police, whom he met on a corner. "There is no look about her of habitual intemperance—at any rate she cannot be harmed."

The officer followed this kind man, and they found Mrs. Chester moaning bitterly, and much exhausted by the exertion she had made.

"It is a singular case," said the policeman, "her language is good, her appearance might be ladylike. But see." The man pointed with a meaning smile at the symmetrical feet in their loose slippers. The blue veins were swelling under the white surface, and there was a faint spasmodic quiver of the muscles that seemed to spread over her whole frame.

"I can hardly believe this intoxication," said the stranger, gazing compassionately on the prostrate woman. "She must be ill—taken down suddenly in the street."

"But how came she barefooted—and her hair, it has not been done up since yesterday? I'm afraid we can't make out a clear case, sir."

"But where will you take her?"

"Home, if she can tell us where it is—to the Tombs, if she is so far gone as not to know," replied the man.

"The Tombs!"

"Oh, that is the City Prison, sir."

"I know, but the City Prison is no place for a person like this."

"Well, if you can point out anything better."

"I am a stranger in the city," was the mild reply—"if I had a home here, this poor creature should never sleep in a prison."

"Oh, I thought you must be a stranger," was the half-compassionating reply. "It takes some time before one gets used to these sights, but they are common enough, I can tell you, sir. Now let us see if she can be made to comprehend what we say."

With that sort of half-contemptuous interest with which the insane are some times cajoled, the policeman began to question the invalid, but she only asked him very earnestly if her husband had come, and turning her face from the hot sunshine that was pouring upon her, began to complain piteously that they had laid her down there to be consumed by a storm of fire flakes that was dropping upon her neck and forehead.

"You see the poor creature can tell us nothing; she is quite beside herself," said the policeman. "I must take her to the prison—it is the best I can do—to-morrow her friends may claim her, perhaps. At the worst she will only be committed for a day or two."

"Wait here," said the stranger, hurriedly, "wait till I get a carriage; she must not be taken through the streets in this state," and the kind man went off in haste. The officer looked after him smiling. "You might know that he was from the country, poor fellow," he muttered, turning his back upon the sun, and good naturedly sheltering Mrs. Chester from its rays. "After all, I hope he is right; there is something about her that one does not often meet with! upon my word I hope she is only sick."

The stranger came back with a carriage—a showy and rather expensive affair—the cushions covered with fresh linen, and the driver quite an aristocrat in his way.

"So that is the fun, is it?" he said, eyeing poor Mrs. Chester with a look of superb disdain, "I don't, as a usual thing, take people up from the sidewalks in *this* carriage, my good friend."

"But I will pay you—I have paid you in advance," urged the stranger.

"Not for a job like this. Gentlemen who have an interest in keeping these little affairs quiet, should be ready to pay well—couldn't think of starting without another dollar at the least!"

"There is the dollar—now help lift this lady in!"

"This lady—a pretty place this for a lady!" muttered the man, dismounting from his seat with a look of magnificent condescension, and approaching Mrs. Chester.

"Gently—lift her with great care!" said the stranger, placing his arm under Mrs. Chester's head. "There, my good woman, get in first, and be ready to receive her."

The poor woman who had given her lap to the invalid as a pillow, attempted to get up, but the driver, after eyeing her from head to foot, turned to the stranger—

"I couldn't think of taking in that sort of person; the sick woman seems clean enough, but as for the other, she'll have to walk if she goes at all! Carriages wasn't made for the like of her."

The mild face of the stranger flushed with something akin to indignation, but relinquishing Mrs. Chester to the policeman, he stepped into the carriage and received the poor invalid in his own arms.

The policeman had become more and more charitable in his opinion of the unhappy lady—he hesitated a moment with his hand on the carriage window.

"I say, sir, there does seem to be a doubt if this poor lady is not really ill. Perhaps you might as well take her to the Alms House Commissioner first. He may think it right to send her up to the Hospital, and then she need not go before a magistrate."

"And can we do this—can she be taken directly to a hospital?"

"If the Commissioner pleases—he has the power to send her there at once."

"Then order the man to drive to the Commissioner's Office," cried the stranger, eagerly. "I thought that in this great city the unfortunate might find shelter short of a prison cell! tell him to drive on."

The door was closed—the carriage drove on—and in it sat the generous stranger, with the head of that poor invalid resting on his shoulder, and supporting her with all the benign gentleness of a father. He felt that the hot breath floating across his cheek was heavy with contagion; he knew that fever raged and burned in the blue veins that swelled over those drooping arms and the unstockinged feet, but he neither shrank nor trembled at the danger. Possessed of that pure and holy courage which tranquilly meets all peril when it presents itself—a courage utterly beyond that selfish bravado which braves death and exults in carnage—he scarcely gave his own position a thought. This man's bravery was a *principle* not an *excitement*—he was fearless because he was good, and from this cause also was gentle and unpretending as a child.

The carriage drew up in Chamber street not far from the place where the cart had stood with poor Chester's body, not an hour before. The stranger composed Mrs. Chester on the seat, and placed a cushion against the carriage for her head to rest on; then opening a gate, he hurried through the narrow flower garden that runs between the old Alms House and Chamber street, crossed through one of those broad halls to be found in the basement, lined on each side with police officers, and mounting half a dozen steps, he found himself in the Park. An Irish woman sat upon the steps of the nearest entrance, holding a forlorn bundle in her lap, and with a ragged baby playing with its little soiled feet on the pavement before her, turned her head and nodded toward the door when he enquired for the Commissioner's Office. The stranger passed by this woman, who bent her eyes again to their dead heavy gaze upon the pavement, and mounting the steps, found himself in a place utterly new and bewildering to him.

It happened to be "pay-day" for the out door poor, and in the outer office of the Alms House, the alleys, rear buildings, and dens of the city once a fortnight pour forth their human misery. The room was nearly full, and amid this mass of poverty, such as he, reared in the pure country air, had never even dreamed of, stood the modern Samaritan.

Oh, there is something horrible in the aspect of poverty when it reaches that low and bitter extremity which seeks relief in the lobby of an Alms House! The stranger looked around, and now the philanthropy within him was put to its severest test—for the first time in his whole life he saw poverty in one dark struggling mass clamoring for money! money! money! coarse, grasping poverty such as crushes and kills all the honest pride of man's nature. The room, large as it is, appeared more than half full, and not a single happy face was there. At the upper end was a platform, reached by two or three steps, and fenced in by a low wooden railing, along which ran a continued desk. At this desk half a dozen clerks and visitors sat with their ponderous and soiled books spread open before them.

Up to this railing pressed the want-stricken crowd, the strong and healthy bustling and crowding back the fallen and infirm. Here old women struggled in the human tide, some casting fierce and quarrelsome glances at each other, others shrinking back with tears in their eyes unequal to the coarse strife. Here, too, were men lean and gaunt with the hunger of a long sea voyage, elbowed aside by some brawny armed woman who clamored loud of the children she had left fast locked up in her little place that she could but just pay the rent for. Here, too, were young girls, children with an aged, worn look like the fruit that withers to half its sere before it ripens, and, mingled up with this rude mass, here and there appeared poor wretches who had indeed seen better days, and their helpless, broken hearted look—the remnants of early refinement—that still clung around them was pitiful to behold.

The stranger saw that upon the outskirts of the crowd these always lingered, waiting patiently till the coarse and strong were served—and, outstretched upon the benches near the walls—some half smothered in the living mass, others resting upon their worn bundles—were eight or ten sick emigrants, with the fever upon them, and waiting for the van which was to convey them to Bellevue. Through all this misery huddled and jostling together, our good Samaritan must force his way—for when he asked for the Commissioner the people pointed their lank fingers toward a door within the railing, and between himself and the door was all this crowd of hungry beings.

"Let me pass, will you? Let me pass," he said, pressing forward, pale with the effects of the scene, but speaking in a gentle tone.

"And why should you pass? wait your turn like the rest of us!" said a harsh featured woman, turning fiercely upon him. "Is't because you're a fine coat on that you'd put before you're betters, I'd be liking to know."

The stranger drew back. With all his benevolence he could not breast that rough wave of human life which dashes weekly against the steps of our Alms House—he shrunk back, and his mild eyes turned anxiously upon the door.

"Make room—make room there. What does the gentleman want? Make room, I say!"

It was the voice of a clerk, who, casting his eyes over the crowd, had seen the stranger.

The people did not fall back, but they crowded close together, with their heads turned and gazing upon the stranger, some muttering fiercely—others taking advantage of the moment to crowd closer to the railing. Thus a passage was made, and the stranger made his way through a little gate up to the platform where the attentive clerk came forward to learn his business.

"Oh, you should have passed on to the next entrance. It is difficult to get along in the room on Saturdays," he said, after the stranger had mildly unfolded his errand. "You will find the Commissioner in his office," and the clerk courteously opened a door.

The stranger entered a large, airy room, furnished as most public offices are, with the most hideous carpets, the stiffest looking chairs, and in this instance there was a sofa that seemed to have been for years the pauper inmate of some cabinet store, and transferred from thence to the City Poor House, when the owners became tired of keeping it as a private charity. This sofa may have been removed from the Commissioner's office since the time we write of, but present or absent, if all human feeling is not a farce, that austere piece of cabinet craft will never pass from the remembrance of those who have once occupied it.

Many persons were in the office, two or three women occupied the sofa, one of them weeping bitterly, and half a score of men, some from the country, others belonging to the institution, were grouped about the room reading newspapers, conversing, or waiting patiently for an opportunity to transact the business which brought them there.

A large table covered with dark cloth ran along one end of the room, around which stood half a dozen chairs more commodious than the rest, two of them occupied by the head clerks of the department, and in one, before which stood a small writing desk, sat the Commissioner.

We are about to describe no fictitious character, when in the natural course of our story, the Commissioner of the New York Alms House becomes necessary to make every thread complete in the woof that we are weaving. Here, it is not necessary to search the ideal for one of those honorable and benevolent natures which it is the most pleasant duty of fiction to originate—a benefactor of the poor—an honorable and humane man, whose kindly feelings the habitual sight of distress has had no power to blunt—one who is faithful while he is humane, just while he is generous. A man like this is necessary to the requirements of our story, and a man like this was, and is, the Commissioner of whom

By the side of the Commissioner sat an old woman, talking in a low voice and weeping bitterly. You could see by the expression of the forehead, and by the faint changes of a countenance which no habit of self-control could entirely subdue, that the tale which this poor old creature poured into his ear was one of bitter sorrow—his dark eyes were bent thoughtfully on the table, and a look of deep commiseration lay upon his features as she continued her low and broken narrative.

At length the Commissioner looked up. You could see by the sudden kindling of his face, that he had bethought himself of some means by which this old woman might be benefited. He addressed her in a low but cheering voice. The poor old creature lifted her head, the tears still hung amid the wrinkles in her cheek; but over her withered lips there came a faint smile. The Commissioner reached out his hand, she changed her staff, leaned upon it with her left hand, and half timidly held out the other. You could see by the brightening of those aged eyes, and by the increased vigor of her footsteps as she left the room, how like a cordial those evidences of sympathy in her distress had warmed her aged heart.

The stranger whom we have introduced, saw all this, and his heart warmed alike to the old woman and to the man who had comforted her. He approached the table, and could hardly refrain from holding out his hand to the Commissioner—so surely do good feelings vibrate to the good acts that they witness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Poetry.

I WOULD I WERE A CHILD AGAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELLA ELWOOD.

I would I were a child again,
  A laughing, little child—
With gladsome heart and spirit free,
  All frolicsome and wild.
I long to look upon the world
  Not with my woman's sight;
Oh, no! I ask for childhood's eye,
  That maketh all seem bright.

I would I were a child again,
  A guileless, little one,
With heart that need not bleed like mine,
  For duties left undone.
Tears would not be my portion then,
  Such burning tears as now—
For sorrow finds no resting place
  On childhood's sunny brow.

I would I were a child again,
  The future all unread—
For hope no longer sheds its light
  Upon the path I tread.
Oh, 'twas not always thus with me—
  Life seemed once so fair;
But ah, there's nothing half so bright
  As childhood's visions are.

I would I were a child again,
  An unsuspicious one—
Ready to view, as kindly meant,
  Whatever might be done;
I find as years steal on apace,
  A word will leave a sting,
That I could laugh at long ago,
  In childhood's pleasant spring.

I would I were a child again,
  All free from pride of looks—
With not a care for beauty, save
  My pretty picture books.
There is a band who charm far more
  Than fairest worldlings do—
For children always win the heart,
  And yet their arts are few.

I would I were a child again,
  A merry little elf,
Forever bent on other's weal,
  With scarce a thought of self.
Oh! then a feeling now forgot,
  Might my whole being move—
For I would be a little child,
  And children are all love.

I would I were a child again,
  An humble little child—
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
  All gentle, meek and mild.
I long to pray, as I did then,
  And seek the way to Heaven—
For children seldom vainly seek
  Or plead to be forgiven.

I would I were a child again—
  But years are on me now;
And every day new wrinkles kiss
  My worn and faded brow.
And yet, I will be young again,
  Nor shall aught hinder me,
For I would fain, oh Christ, become
  A little babe in Thee.

Philadelphia, July, 1848.

CHANGE OF AIR.—An occasional change of air may be said to be almost necessary to the perfect well-being of every man. The workman must leave his workshop, the student his library, and the lawyer his office, or sooner or later his health will pay the penalty; and this, no matter how great his temperance in eating and drinking—no matter how vigorously and regularly he uses his limbs—no matter how open, and dry, and free from sources of impurity may be the air of the place in which he is employed. In the slighter cases of impaired health, the sleeping in the suburbs of the town in which the life is chiefly spent, or even the spending a few hours of detached days in some accessible rural district, at a few miles' distance from the dwelling, may suffice to restore the healthy balance of the bodily functions, and maintain the bodily machine in a fit state for its duties.

HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE.—A new method of raising the wind has been started by a company of Wall Street speculators. They have invested $50,000, and agents have been engaged to take bets during the ensuing Presidential campaign. They bet on both sides, but will bet with no one who is not sanguine enough to put two or more dollars to their one, by which *modus operandi* the speculators are certain to double their money, let the election result as it may.

A Leaf from History

FRANKLIN AND MADAME HELVETIUS.

In the year 1786, Benjamin Franklin was in Paris, he lived at Passy, not far from Auteuil, and at Auteuil lived the widow of Helvetius, who was such an excellent, amiable and delightful woman, that her friends, and among these might be reckoned the profoundest thinkers of the time, were accustomed to speak of her in no other manner than as "our good lady of Auteuil." She was no longer young, although in the highest degree fascinating and amiable, and besides this, the gentleness, intellectuality and decision of character which had been peculiar to her through the whole of her much tried, but always blameless life, made a union with her, a very desirable thing to the American philosopher, although at first it might appear somewhat startling.

The dear lady herself had not the most remote idea of such a scheme; she received Franklin as a friend, who entertained no other feelings than what he expressed, and whose acquaintance she would have esteemed herself happy in possessing to the end of her days. Philadelphia, in the meantime, desired the return of her celebrated citizen, and Franklin himself longed for his native land. He could never free himself from the fear of being kept in France by ill health, and probably dying there, whilst the earnest wish of his soul was that it might be permitted to him to end his days in the midst of his fellow citizens, surrounded by his grand-children.

A deal of intercourse was always taking place between Passy and Auteuil; Madame Helvetius dined once a week in company with the Abbe de Laroche and the physician Cabanis, who resided with her, together with Morellet, a dear friend, but not a frequent guest, at the house of Franklin; and Franklin on the other hand, very often dined with Madame Helvetius, by which means he spent whole evenings with her, without ever paying her a morning visit. This intercourse with Franklin was of the most charming kind, and Morellet, who has so excellently told us of the great philosopher's remarkable good humor, simplicity of manners; sense of propriety and duty which exhibited itself in the merest trifles; affability, purity of soul, cheerfulness, and various other gifts, cannot say enough in its praise. Such was, at that time, the society frequented by the man who had raised his native land to freedom, and to whom the world is indebted for some of its most important discoveries.

One morning Franklin left his room much earlier than was his custom, and calling to Richard, his American servant, ordered him to attend him to Auteuil.

This Richard, or Dick, as his master called him, had fought in the war of Independence under Washington, and had thereby distinguished himself, and when he was compelled to lay down his arms and leave his general, he attached himself to Benjamin Franklin, from whom he never afterwards would separate himself. Richard was no servant of the ordinary kind; he was faithful, devoted, and as good an American as Christian, and read industriously in the Bible, or made the necessary preparations for Franklin's experiments in natural philosophy.

Full of enthusiasm as youth is accustomed to be, or rather as a man who is sincerely convinced of the rectitude of his intentions, he allows no opportunity to escape of praising to the very skies, either Franklin or his native country. In his leisure hours he occupied himself in making known to the other domestics, the operations of electricity, or in explaining to the peasants of Auteuil the advantages of Franklin's newly discovered lightning-conductor.

None but a person like Franklin, who was in the highest degree unapprehensive in matters of sentiment, would have failed to observe what delight the idea of a visit to Madame Helvetius occasioned to Dick. He was always ready immediately when they had to go from Passy to Auteuil, and was often extremely fertile in discovering reasons why they should go.

As soon therefore as Franklin gave his orders on this particular morning, Dick was ready as if by magic; the stick, hat and gloves of the philosopher were instantly at hand, and without one moment's delay, they set out.

The June sun almost scorched up the fields, and the two therefore took a narrow footpath shaded by trees. Franklin walked on with a slow step and nothing in his appearance betrayed any desire to reach the end of his journey, more rapidly than usual, whilst his servant behind was quite in an agitation of impatience. Madame Helvetius was sitting in the room where she usually received visitors when they arrived; the window of this room looked out into a shady garden, where grew a linden tree, the thick leafy branches of which extended to the very window-sill.

"I hope, my dear Mr. Franklin," said she, as he entered, "that some unpleasant news which you wish to communicate to me, has not caused you to take this walk at so early an hour."

"By no means," replied Franklin, "I am merely come to tell you what happened to me last night."

"Then you have a story to tell me, dear friend," remarked she.

"You shall judge," returned he. "You remember our conversation last evening, and how I brought forward the strongest reasons to induce you no longer to lead a solitary life, but to marry again?"

"Good heavens! my friend," said the lady, "what can put that in your head? Do let us talk about something else!"

"It is impossible," continued he, "that I can express the grief which I felt at your strange determination, to remain constant to your deceased husband; there is no object in it, and it appears to me to be without any rational grounds."

"The future, the future it is to which I am looking," interrupted Madame Helvetius, and made, at the same time a movement with her hand in the direction of Franklin's white head, as if she would have stroked it.

"After our conversation of last night," continued Franklin, "I went to bed on my return home, and dreamed that I was dead. Before long I found myself in paradise, where the souls of the departed enjoy eternal happiness. The porter at the gate of this Eden, asked me whether I wished to see any particular persons among the happy ones, and by way of reply, I told him that he might conduct me to the philosophers."

"There are two of them just beside you," replied the porter, "they are very good neighbors to one another, and much attached."

"Who may they be?" I enquired.

"Socrates and Helvetius," was the reply.

"I have a very high esteem for them both," said I, "but introduce me first to Helvetius, because I can speak French, while I don't understand one word of Greek."

Helvetius received me in the most friendly manner, and made a thousand enquiries about peace and war; about the present state of religion; about freedom and the government of France.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I, at length, "don't you make one single enquiry about your old, faithful friend, and life's companion, Madame Helvetius? and yet she loves you just as tenderly as ever. It is scarcely an hour since I was with her, and I am convinced that the love and devotion which she felt for you during your life, is still unabated."

"Ah!" returned he, "you are speaking of my former happiness, but that one must learn to forget, if one would be happy here. For many years I could think about nothing but her, but at length I have found consolation. I have married another wife, and it would not have been possible for me to have found another which more resembled my first wife than the one I have chosen. She is, it is true, not quite so beautiful as my former one, but she is possessed of as much feeling, and she loves me inexpressibly. She only thinks of how she can give me pleasure, and make me happy. If you will stop a minute or two with me, you can see her."

"I can see, very well, sir," remarked I, "that your first wife is very much more constant than you are; the best and most advantageous offers have been made to her, but she has refused them all. I confess to you that even I have made a fool of myself so much have I loved her, but she remains as hard as a stone, and has refused me out of love to you."

"I really am truly sorry for you," replied he, "but she was indeed an excellent and most amiable lady." As he spoke these words, up came the new Madame Helvetius, "and I recognised in her—guess who? No other than Mrs. Franklin, my old, faithful American wife! I demanded her back, as belonging to me, upon which she replied in rather a cold manner, that she had been for forty years and four months, nearly half a century, my wife, and with that I must content myself, for that she had here knit a new bond which would endure for ever. Very much annoyed to be so cavalierly rejected by my deceased wife, I determined to leave the ungrateful shade on the spot. I wished to return to our planet and look once more at the sun, and you ——. Let us take revenge!"

But this revenge was not according to the notion of Madame Helvetius, who had long since taken her resolution, otherwise it would have been very difficult to reject so honorable an offer, from a man whose name was renowned in two hemispheres. Sitting at the open window opposite to Franklin, she could not hear him thus speaking joyfully and openly to her, without emotion, and she knew how fully to value the esteem and the true friendship of which, by his offer, he had given the most intelligible proof. It was not for one moment to be thought of, that Franklin had made himself ridiculous; he was no old enamoured fool, but one of the wisest men of the age, who was only guided by his sincere belief, that under all circumstances of life, a wife was an indispensable and much to be desired companion, peculiarly fitted to beautify our life, to increase our happiness, and to sweeten and soften those difficulties and sufferings which we cannot avoid.

On the previous evening Franklin had urged Madame Helvetius in the most pressing manner to marry again, but still keeping himself to generals, and either out of calculation or from fear, not allowing her to have the most distant idea that he himself was personally concerned in the advice which he gave.

The eyes of the amiable widow filled with tears, and supporting her arm on the window-frame, she concealed her face with her hand.

"Well, now," said Franklin, after a short silence, "beautiful lady of Auteuil! hasten to help both yourself and me! Let us both be revenged!"

"Hush! dear friend, listen!" cried Madame Helvetius, at length, "don't make any noise, I hear somebody talking near to us."

Both rose softly, and turned aside the twigs of the linden tree that they might the better see and hear what went forward. Upon a stone bench which stood under the window sat Franklin's servant, Richard, talking to Annette, the daughter of Helvetius's gardener, a young peasant girl of seventeen, with black hair and rosy cheeks, short, well formed, and slender, with a remarkably small foot. Franklin and Madame Helvetius could see through the foliage of the linden tree that the heads of the two young people were laid together, and that the light locks of the American mingled with the black hair of the young French girl.

"Let me go, Mr. Richard! If Madame knew how you came after me, she would send me off. Let me alone, else I'll go! Don't you hear somebody? I fancy my father calls me to water his sugar-peas. Ah, and the cheese for Madame is not yet made, and the milk has to be creamed."

And yet for all this Annette did not leave the bench upon which she sat, which might be owing to Richard having his arm round her slender waist to prevent her from leaving him. At the sight of this Franklin became excited; virtuous anger crimsoned his cheek, and he was just about to pour forth his indignation against the offender, when Madame Helvetius put her little white hand to his mouth and compelled him to silence and to listen still more.

"You will not understand me, Annette," continued Richard; "what I would say to you, Madame Helvetius and Mr. Franklin might unhesitatingly hear. You can go and call your father, if you will. I would not object to speak in his presence. I want nothing improper, Annette, I only wish to marry you."

The girl dropped her head, and made a movement by which Richard came only the nearer to her; there was no need for an answer.

"Well, then!" continued the young man, "we will be married. I will mention it to Mr. Franklin, he will speak about it to Madame Helvetius, and both of them will arrange it all with your father."

"Is it really your serious meaning, Richard, that you will marry me?"

"Most certainly! We will set off to America, and then you will see that it is the most beautiful country in the world, dear Annette! Mr. Franklin will give us some land, which we will cultivate, and thus will we live free and happy. Oh, dear Annette, if you were only acquainted with my glorious native land, if you only could see how magnificently the sun rises over our forests, you would then say as yearningly as I do, the sooner we go to that 'enchanting' country the better. In comparison with our rivers, your Seine and Rhone are only miserable little brooks, and you might sink your whole city of Paris in our lakes, without perceiving in the least what had become of it. Only say one word, Annette, and then before Mr. Franklin leaves the house we can have every thing settled!"

"Are there really such gloriously beautiful things in your native country?" asked the girl, full of an astonished curiosity, in hearing him speak of lakes in which Paris might vanish without leaving a trace behind.

"Most certainly, Annette; God knows that I have spoken the truth!"

"But is there then a duck-pond there like ours at Auteuil?" enquired she.

"How, the duck-pond at Auteuil!" said Richard, disparagingly, "what, that little muddy hole, that one passes in coming into the place! that sort of ditch, planted round with sickly trees, and where frogs and toads live?"

"Yes, yes, a duck-pond like this at Auteuil," repeated the girl, and gently withdrew herself from Richard's embrace.

"But, Annette," remonstrated he, "how can you think about nothing but this duck-pond!—Certainly you have no love for me, and there is some young fellow in the village that you like better."

"No," returned the girl, "there is not! But still the duck-pond of Auteuil pleases me better than your great lakes, in which you would so willingly sink the whole of Paris, or than your rivers, against which the Seine, my beloved Seine, the river of my native land, is only insignificant brook! Richard, we will be married, but then you must stop at Auteuil!"

"How! you encourage me to leave Mr. Franklin, and never again to see my native land? That would be just the same as deserting my own flag! Anything so impossible as this you cannot ask of me, Annette! Only consider, that my native land needs all her subjects, that England, which has not been able to subdue us, threatens us without intermission! Good Heavens! what would Mr. Franklin say, if I should tell him that I was not returning to America! I love you, I would very gladly give up my life for you if my country did not require it. Annette, beloved Annette, there is, after all, something higher even than love, and that is duty. You, on the contrary—what is there to keep you here? France does not need you; you may leave your country without its remarking the loss of one girl, whose name it perhaps does not know, and who never can be useful to her country."

"You are under a mistake, Richard," replied she, "I, too, love my country, and I should wish that my children, if I ever had any, should love it as I do. Duty calls you back to America; my happiness and my peace attach me to France.—You love your lakes, your rivers, your forests, I love the little duck-pond at Auteuil, on whose banks I was born. As a child I played by its waters, and every sickly tree, of which you speak so contemptuously, was a witness of the happiness of my youth. Fare-you-well, Mr. Richard;

I must go and assist my father's sugar-cane, and go and make the cheese, and cream the milk for Madame Helvetius."

Annette rose up from the stone bench, arranged her dress a little, and then, evidently discomfited, went with stamping, mute lips into the kitchen-garden, where her father had been walking about all the morning with the weeping-cow.

"My dear friend," said Madame Helvetius to Franklin, "you are a better citizen than Richard, at least you are much more useful and necessary to your country than he is; could you decide wholly in give up your America? Would you be willing to end your days in France, near the dark-pond of Auteuil, far from you great rivers, your immense lakes, your sun, which rises over the undisturbed forests? I, for my part, think as Annette does, I prefer to that new world which you are making free, the little insignificant dark-pond of Auteuil. The story which you told me," added she, "is a charming one, but what do you say to that which we have just now heard?"

Franklin made no reply; he kissed the hand of the lady whom he loved, and then went immediately to Cabanis, to consult him on the best means of regulating his health during his long voyage.

A few days afterwards both Richard and himself set sail from Havre to America, where, as it well known, shortly after his arrival in Philadelphia, he was chosen Minister of State.

Annette neither left France nor the dark-pond of Auteuil. The next year she married one of her neighbors, who took up arms in the year 1789. During the power of Napoleon, Annette greatly distinguished herself, and in 1812 her husband fell "on the bed of honor," highly renowned for his military achievements.

As regarded Madame Helvetius, she also remained steadfast and true in her attachment to Auteuil. She always attracted to her the most distinguished men of the age, and Tuget, Garat, Destut Tracy, and Bernardin St. Pierre, succeeded to Benjamin Franklin. One day when Bonaparte, at that time First Consul, was walking with her in the garden, she said to him, "General, you can have no idea how happy one can be on a little plot of ground not above three acres in extent!"

That was very true, as coming from the lips of a woman who had refused to marry Franklin, and who, out of love to her native land, chose to end her days in the quiet retirement in which she had passed thirty happy years.

Our Correspondents

THE WESTERN RESERVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When we look back on the past, and reflect on what has been effected by human industry in reclaiming the forest, and spreading civilization over the West, even during the life of living men, we cannot help but feel proud of our country and its form of government, under whose auspices this has been effected; and nothing in my opinion is more interesting than a review of the first settlement of a country. A few facts can enable a reflecting mind to appreciate the services done to their country and to posterity at large, by those who fearlessly remove themselves from civilization, and as it were commence a new Empire where nothing but desolation reigned. With these brief observations, I proceed to write a few lines on the subject which heads this article.

The Western Reserve, as most of your readers are no doubt aware, is that part of Ohio, the proprietorship of which was granted to the State of Connecticut by the United States, to compromise the claims made by that State, in conformity with her original Charter—and in what formed her public domain, the proceeds of the sale of which formed the school fund of the State, which has operated so much to the benefit of not only her own citizens, but has exerted a powerful influence in diffusing knowledge throughout the whole of the South and West. This is the country where the sturdy sons of New England have made the forest become a beautiful region, and have achieved more in a quarter of a century, than has been achieved by men in milder regions in three times that period of time. Scarcely any part of the Union was settled under greater disadvantages than was this portion. The first settlers came from Connecticut and Massachusetts, by land, at a time when Western New York and Western Pennsylvania, were both very sparsely settled—and for miles the trees of the forest were their only guide to their destined home. At the time I speak of, Lake Erie was but partially navigable, and there was very little sale for the produce of the soil (all the Erie Canal by connecting Lake Erie with the Hudson, gave an impetus to Western agriculture and commerce. Before this time wheat would not sell for twenty-five cents per bushel, and stave goods were high in an inverse proportion, as goods had to come by land from Philadelphia, at an expense of twelve dollars and fifty cents per hundred pounds. Under such circumstances it is a wonder the country was not abandoned; but the mildness of the climate compared with the climate of the Eastern States, and the facility with which a man could settle his family on land, the friendly intercourse of neighbors bearing up each other's spirits, and the hope of a better day approaching, were sufficient compensation for all the toil and privations to be borne in the course of the settlement of the country. Going from twenty to forty miles to mill; cutting log-heaps to burn day night for the cattle and cows to get round, to be protected by the fire from the wolves and bears; a dense forest of beech and maples to subject to civilization, then to make through forests and mory swamps, roads to bridge; all these things had but little influence on those people, many of whom felt comparative ease and affluence in the Eastern States, and encountered privations which can be better appreciated than described, especially by one who never experienced them. The first settlement on the Western Reserve was made at Cleveland, in 1797, and was a permanent one; but it was not until after the war with Britain that this country began to be settled rapidly, and did it begin to flourish much till within the last twenty years.

And now to take a glance at the present. The stranger is travelling through this portion of Ohio, cannot help but admire the level surface of the country, covered with its green carpet, the roads lined with rows of fruit and ornamental trees, the fence rows running east and west, north and south, crossing each other at right angels, at every mile and a quarter's distance as you travel. At the centre of every township you see two or three places of worship, and at convenient distances from each other, school-houses are scattered over the surface of the country, in each of which schools are kept at least six months in every year. Thus it is evident that the habits of their ancestors predominate in a pre-eminent degree over the minds of these people, as respect to devotedness to the service of their Maker, and in bestowing the blessings of education on the rising generation. The man of a reflecting mind, in travelling through a country like this, might well consider himself in a terrestrial Paradise! Why what? By what? No—but by the indomitable perseverance of its inhabitants. The soil of this country is chiefly a heavy clay, producing good crops of grass, but on account of its tenacity to produce grass and its heavy cohesive nature, it never could be cultivated to great advantage, the exception of a crop of wheat which may be raised to advantage as a first crop on newly cleared land. Hence dairy business and the raising of stock constitute the chief business of the farmers. Some sections of the country have exceptions to this observation; but grass farming is generally considered more profitable than the raising of grain. Within the boundary of the Western Reserve are the ports of Conneut, Ashtabula, Fairport, Cleveland, Ohio City, Huron, and Sandusky City, all of which are ports of entry, and are accessible to the steamboats and other vessels which navigate Lake Erie. Cleveland is an incorporated city, and stands at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, at the terminus of the Ohio Canal, which canal connects the Reserve to the north line of State county; and lake Akron, another canal is cut which connects the former canal with the Ohio River, at Beaver. The Cuyahoga River rises about twenty miles from Lake Erie, and running a considerable distance south-west, suddenly turns to the east, and falls in an immense water power at Cuyahoga Falls; and again at Akron, where the canal has eastern locks, is a power which is employed in drive several flour-mills, &c. It might be mentioned that in this road is situated the Western Reserve College at Hudson, and the Oberlin Institute in Huron county. These institutions are well calculated to exert a strong influence on the moral and religious character of the West, and in associating with the people of this section, may be seen the effects produced by education and religious institutions; drunkenness and swearing being practiced to an extremely limited extent, and scarcely a person can be found to the whole country, either old or young, but what can read and write and do the common business of life.

What I have written above is the result of observations during a seven years residence in this part of Ohio. I left in 1840. In conclusion I will state, that the Western Reserve is bounded on the North by Lake Erie, East by the line of Pennsylvania as far as the 41st degree of latitude, thence by a line due West one hundred and twenty miles; thence North by the east line of Sandusky and Seneca counties to Lake Erie. It was originally divided into eight counties, viz. Ashtabula, Geauga, Cuyahoga, Huron, Lorain, Medina, Portage and Trumbull, which are divided into one hundred and ninety-five townships, five miles square each, excepting those bordering on the Lake, where the square farm could not be preserved on a matter of course.

J. G.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1848.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We daily receive pieces of poetry, some of which are truly execrable, but a majority of which are neither remarkably bad nor remarkably good. It would be a pleasure to us to oblige the writers by putting all pieces at all plausible into print, but when we consider that we have very little difficulty in procuring selected poetry that is truly excellent, it appears to us like injustice to our thousands of readers, to occupy the smallest space with anything that we do not consider of the first quality of its kind. This must be our excuse to those, the reception of whose articles are noted, but which articles, upon examination, are passed over as not being sufficiently good for our columns.

RECEIVED. "The Watcher," "The Laborers Abroad and at Home," "Oh," "The Mosquito," "On the Death of Miss E. A."

THE MOSQUITO. This parody is well written, but we do not think the poem parodied is likely to do much harm, and why, therefore, *should* we take the risk of getting any man's ill will by publishing "Isabel's" article? Why did not "Isabel" sign his name to his article—does he wish us to take a responsibility that he is unwilling to assume?

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will assert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsable person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same as a first class paper, as on the smallest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

In addition to the news by the Hibernia that we give in another column, we may allude briefly to some other points of interest.

Decidedly the most important news, is a rumor, which we trust is not true, to the effect that Russia has declared war against the whole German Confederation. A letter from Cologne, under date of July 3rd, says that the news was brought to that place by an extraordinary express from Berlin, and also gives the following as the Russian ground of justification for resorting to hostilities:

The fact of numerous Russians having been mercilessly killed in the bombardment of Prague, and at Berlin, the indifference of the Government to Russian remonstrances, and the declaration of the National Assembly at Frankfort, insisting upon carry out the war against the Danes, who cried by the Czar as open acts of war against Russia.

The vast Russian army to which we alluded in a recent number, as hanging like a thunder-cloud over the northern frontier of Germany, it now appeared is not imaginary. If this be so, its first movements must almost necessarily be triumphant, for Germany has been so occupied with her internal dissensions, that she has no army with which to oppose the invader. Besides it is possible that the Schematic nations may rally to the banner of the Czar, seduced by the idea of a great Schavonic Empire. This, however, is as yet a rumor, which the next advices probably will either confirm or exploded altogether.

In France all is quiet. But we are afraid that the middle classes are becoming too much disposed to slight the claims of the workmen. There is too much talk about the folly of the system wisely, because unavoidably, put into operation by the provisional Government of the Republic, the question of which led to the late insurrection—too much of a disposition, apparently, to scarcefully put aside even the just claims of the vanquished party. We hope this may not be the case, but the killing of vast bodies of troops, including a large portion of the army of the Alps, to English, at a expense of twelve dollars and fifty cents per hundred pounds. Under such circumstances it is a wonder the country was not abandoned; but the mildness of the climate compared with the climate of the Eastern States, and the facility with which a man could settle his family on land, the friendly intercourse of neighbors bearing up each other's spirits, and the hope of a better day approaching, were sufficient compensation for all the toil and privations to be borne in the course of the settlement of the country. Going from twenty to forty miles to mill; cutting log-heaps to burn day night for the cattle and cows to get round, to be protected by the fire from the wolves and bears; a dense forest of beech and maples to subject to civilization, then to make through forests and mory swamps, roads to bridge; all these things had but little influence on those people, many of whom felt comparative ease and affluence in the Eastern States, and encountered privations which can be better appreciated than described, especially by one who never experienced them. The first settlement on the Western Reserve was made at Cleveland, in 1797, and was a permanent one; but it was not until after the war with Britain that this country began to be settled rapidly, and did it begin to flourish much till within the last twenty years.

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SINGULAR CASE.

Quite a furore dispute arose lately in Beaver, Penn., as to whether a certain David Mitchell, is David Mitchell, "son of the old man," or somebody else. The true David Mitchell was one of the Duquesne Guards, and is believed to have died and been buried at Pueblo. Now, it is evident that if the real David Mitchell died and was buried, the man now pretending to be David Mitchell must be an imposter. But the father, General Mitchell, ex-canal commissioner, deceived (as he said) by a slight resemblance to his son, received him into the family, and in the expressive language of a Pittsburg paper, "hugs the delusion." A daughter, however, denies that he is the genuine David, and left her father's house in consequence of his admission into it. Public opinion, also, is said to be strongly against him.—The last account stated that he had been imprisoned in Beaver jail as an imposter, to await the decision of the court in his case. If David is an imposter he is a bold one, and entirely too gifted and valuable an individual to be trusted to take care of himself. David should be taught that, however convenient it may be to young men, in certain cases of lowness of funds, to have several fathers, it is clear against law (to say nothing of nature) for any individual, however needy, to have more than one.

HEAVY FORGERY.

Wall street, New York, was thrown into a state of great excitement one day last week, by the announcement of one of the heaviest forgeries that had ever taken place in that city. "Have you heard of the great forgery?" flew from mouth to mouth. "Thirty-two thousand pounds, over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" "who would have believed it?" &c., &c.—such were the current phrases along Wall street.

But gradually it leaked out that the parties who had to bear the brunt of this most unexampled forgery, went about as smiling as ever, and said they would not lose more than a few hundred dollars money. Straightway the wits of all the merchants and brokers were at work to guess how that could be, but though many sage explanations were given, the mystery was not generally considered fathomed.

Finally, however, the explanation also leaked out, and a universal ha! ha! ascended from the stores and money-dens of Wall street. The forgery was of thirty-two thousand pounds of *iron*—forged into a sheet, by Sherman & Tupper, for a new boat, now building. This is the last joke, and we consider it well pass.

HYDROPHOBIA.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Island City, says that there is a sure *preventive* of this horrid disease. It is this:

❡ On the under side of the tongue of every dog, running from the tip, where it is largest, and of an oblong form, down towards the root about two and a half inches, where it connects with the rain, may be found a whitish, nerve-like gland. This contains a secretion which, Col. Scott and Capt. Becker, assert, is the virus or poison. In mad dogs this becomes inordinate, and in some way, either by bursting or otherwise, fills the mouth with the virus, which is thus communicated to the wound inflicted by the teeth. This gland may be easily removed with a lancet or penknife, by slitting the skin which confines it, about half an inch, and drawing it out with the fingers or a pair of tweezers. Dog fanciers had better adopt this plan, and practice it.

He says that Colonel Martin Scott, and Captain Becker, both of whom kept large packs of dogs for sporting purposes, always removed this gland from their dogs, and a case of hydrophobia never occurred among them. Certainly this alleged mode of preventing so terrible a disease is worth a trial.

CURIOUS.

Mr. Willis, in a late letter to the Home Journal, mentions a curious fact, which came under his own observation, relative to the butterfly. He saw a robin leave her nest repeatedly on the search for worms for her young; but let her leave the nest when the weather was certain to be assailed by a butterfly, which had taken up its station on a neighboring gravel walk, and resolutely attacked and beat off every warm-hunting bird that came near it.

Mr. Willis queries whether this butterfly, having a consciousness of its previous existence as a worm, felt a natural desire to protect its kindred, and an enmity against the destroyer of its worm children and grand-children. A very curious question, and one which we confess that we are not sufficiently either a butterfly or a philosopher to answer. We turn it over in despair to the members of the Academy of Natural Sciences; if they cannot answer it, no one can in Philadelphia.

THE GARDE MOBILE.

The "Garde Mobile" of Paris, is composed of some twenty five or thirty thousand boy-men—the majority of them being less than twenty years of age, and many not more than fourteen or fifteen. Their pay is thirty sous a day, while that of the regular army is only ten. They were taken from the very lowest classes of society, and the insurrection-limists confidently expected they would side with them. They refused to do so, was the cause of the horrible barbarity with which some of the insurgents treated all they could get into their power. There have fought like heroes—several battalions lost more than half their number, and every soldier of one company of one regiment and fifty-six was killed, save one, and he was badly wounded. It was one of this corps, a boy of seventeen with the appearance of one of fifteen, to whom General Cavaignac gave the cross of the legion of honor. The boys are of some account, after all.

NEWS TO US.

An old proverb advises persons to go abroad if they would hear what is going on at home, and the accuracy of this proverb is shown by a New York paper, proves either the truth of this adage, or else that people will talk about their neighbors most outrageously—we are half inclined to believe the latter. But hear the story:

Quite a mistake took place in a love affair at Philadelphia. A couple of young folks agreed to elope together, and by some mistake in the preliminary arrangements, the lover put his ladder up to the window next to that where his sweetheart slept, which proved to be that where her mamma, a handsome widow, resided. The lady turned this mistake to her own advantage, got into his arms, turned his endeavors, and by preserving a becoming silence until daylight, kept him in error, and then, by the potent spell of her blandishments, actually charmed him into matrimony with herself.

AN IRISH LANDLORD.

The Earl of Lucan, an Irish nobleman, evicted from his estate, in the period of eighteen months, one hundred and eighty seven families, comprising one hundred and eighty seven families, comprising one hundred and eighty seven families, comprising

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Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1848.

EUGENE SUE.

A Paris correspondent of the Enquirer, of this city, tells the following anecdote of Eugene Sue. The philanthropy of men like Sue is apt to be very intense so long as they are poor; but the instant they manage to scrape a little money together, they forget all their fine professions. In their writings they prate about the miseries of poverty, and pander to sensuality, for the same reason—to make their books sell. But to the anecdote:

"Let me relate to you a trait of Eugene Sue, who, whilst writing so energetically of the wants and deprivation of the people, and of equality, exhibits in his own expenses, all the extravagance and refinements we read of in the decline of empires. Some time ago, before the revolution, he gave a 'dejeuner' to several of his friends, (*I have it from one of them.*) In ordering it of his 'maitre d'hotel,' he said to him, 'I must have two of the finest turbots, and both alike.' 'Two, sir! it will be a matter of one hundred and fifty or two hundred francs.' 'Cost what they may, I must have them'—and so it was done. The day of the breakfast arrived—a dozen guests—when a superb fish was brought in and laid upon the table before the admiring 'gourmets.' 'How beautiful! unique!—where was such a wonder found,' &c., &c. 'Here,' said Sue to the 'maitre d'hotel,' who had his cue, 'put it upon the side-table, and help to it, for I don't know how to go about it.' 'Oh!' said a friend, who was in the secret, 'for heaven's sake, beware of accidents'—as he spoke, the 'maitre d'hotel,' in the removal, dropped dish and fish, to the horror and despair of the guests. Some said, 'what a misfortune!' one remarked that some of the larger pieces might be picked up—all showed their regret and disappointment—when the host said to the servant, 'since you have been guilty of this awkwardness, you must make amends for it; go instantly and replace that turbot.' All were stupified, and joyfully so, when they saw the smiling servant re-enter with a duplicate of the subject of their regret. Is this *refinement*?"

The letter writer asks, "Is this refinement?" We answer that the pretended accident, the dropping of one fish in order to show that there was another equally fine in the kitchen, was the very lowest depth of vulgar and stupid prodigality.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 182—adults 69, and children 113.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 18th, the Vice President laid before the Senate a report from the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the imports of coal and iron, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson inquired whether the Secretary of the Treasury had replied to the call made upon him as to the number of officers in the Baltimore Custom House.

The Vice President replied in the negative.

Mr. Johnson then said that he would renew the call if the information required was not forthcoming in a day or two.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, from the Committee on Conference, in relation to the bill reducing the number of General Officers in the Army, reported a bill repealing the act upon this subject, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Dix, from the Committee on Military Affairs, made a report recommending that the Senate agree to the amendment made by the House to the bill granting half pay to the widows and orphans of soldiers who had been killed or died of wounds in Mexico. After some debate, the amendment was adopted.

Mr. Badger submitted a resolution for consideration, asking the President to inform the Senate in relation to the circumstances attending the seizure of the ship Admittance by an American vessel of war on the coast of California. Adopted.

On motion of Mr. Benton, the Senate went into Executive session.

After the doors were re-opened, Mr. Clayton from the Select Committee reported a bill to establish territorial governments in Oregon, New Mexico and California, which was read twice, and made the order of the day for Friday next. The bill leaves out the slavery question altogether. Mr. Clayton said that the Committee had adopted the bill with great unanimity, only two of the members dissenting, Messrs. Clark and Underwood.

On the 19th, Mr. Dickinson presented the petition of Alexander B. Johnson, remonstrating against the stoppage of the mails on Sunday, which was ordered to be printed and referred to the Post-office Committee.

The joint resolution from the House authorizing the presentation of the cannon taken by Col. Doniphan at the battle of Sacramento to the state of Missouri, was passed.

The resolution submitted to compensate Col. Fremont for compiling the map of Oregon and California, was adopted.

Mr. Clayton rose to make a few remarks in explanation of the action of the Select Committee, and to correct misapprehension in regard to his remarks yesterday, while submitting the bill agreed upon. Some have supposed that what he said was intended as a report from the Committee. This was a mistake; it was intended that the bill should speak for itself. What he had said was an expression of his own views, and he did not desire the committee to be responsible for them.

This view of the case was concurred in by Mr. Calhoun.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the Naval Appropriation bill was taken up. All the amendments striking out the appropriations for marine hospitals, were rejected.

On the 20th, on motion of Mr. Atherton the Naval Appropriation bill was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Niles offered an amendment, striking out the section authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to make monthly advances to the contractors of the mail steamers.

A debate ensued, in which Messrs. Niles, Atherton, Yulee, Allen, Douglass, Calhoun and others participated. The contracts for mail steamers and the whole merits of the system were discussed.

The amendment was finally adopted.

Mr. Lewis moved a reconsideration, which was ordered to be put upon the journal.

On the 21st, on motion of Mr. Dickinson, a resolution was adopted calling upon the Secretary of War for information in relation to the arms and equipments furnished to the volunteers.

Mr. Dix, from the Special Committee to which was referred the memorial of Miss Dix, reported a bill granting certain public lands for the support of the indigent insane. He gave notice that he would at an early day move to go into the consideration of the bill.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the Naval Appropriation bill.

The Chair stated the question pending, to be Mr. Lewis' motion to reconsider the vote adopting Mr. Niles' amendment the day previous. Upon this motion an interesting debate sprung up in which Messrs. Phelps, Niles, Foote, Benton, and Davis, of Massachusetts, participated. After which, the question was taken upon Mr. Lewis' motion to re-consider Mr. Niles' amendment, and resulted in the affirmative—yeas, 30, nays 20.

The question then recurred upon Mr. Niles' amendment, when it was negatived, by a vote of yeas 20, nays 30.

After a very long debate, principally in regard to employing naval steamers in carrying the mails, an amendment, proposed by Mr. Dix, to advance $150,000 to the Bremen line, was negatived.

Mr. Hall proposed an amendment, abolishing flogging in the navy, which was negatived.

After further proceedings the Senate was left without a quorum. The Sergeant-at-arms was sent for the absentees, when two or three came in, and the bill as amended was passed, and at 6 o'clock the Senate adjourned.

On the 22nd, Mr. Hale presented a petition from Philadelphia, praying for the amendment of the Territorial Bill, so as to permit the blacks to vote in Oregon.

On motion of Mr. Clayton, the bill establishing Territorial Governments in Oregon, New Mexico and California, was taken up. Mr. Clayton addressed the Senate in behalf of the bill, explaining its provisions and reserving to himself the right, as Chairman of the Select Committee, to close the debate if discussion should arise. He exhorted all those who wished to see this question peaceably settled to vote for this bill.

Mr. Niles spoke in opposition to the bill, and pointed out what he contended were its defects, viz: that it did not prohibit slavery in the new territory, when applying for admission into the Union. He reminded the Northern Senators of the political death which befel those of the North who voted for the Missouri Compromise, some of whom were burned in effigy.

Mr. Dickinson said that the burning in effigy had no terrors for him. That was only the resort of ruffians and cowards. This Union was founded on compromises and he should go for them.

The debate was further continued by Messrs. Corwin, Phelps, Westcott, Niles, Baldwin, Hale and others.

Mr. Baldwin offered an amendment to the bill, striking out that part relating to New Mexico and California, and leaving Oregon to stand alone, which was negatived by a vote of 17 yeas to 35 nays.

Mr. Hamlin addressed the Senate and spoke at some length in opposition to the bill.

When he had concluded, Mr. Clarke obtained the floor, and moved that the Senate adjourn, which was agreed to by the following vote: yeas 20, nays 24.

On the 24th, the Vice President laid before the Senate a report from the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the number of officers now employed in the Baltimore Custom House, with their salaries, and the number employed on the 4th of March, 1845, being in response to the resolution of inquiry offered some time since by Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland.

Mr. Johnson submitted a resolution, asking the President to communicate to the Senate the proceedings of the two Courts of Inquiry into charges preferred against Col. Pillow. Adopted.

The Territorial Bill.—On motion of Mr. Clayton the Senate resumed the consideration of the Territorial Bill.

Mr. Hale offered an amendment, to strike out the word "free white," so as to allow all persons of whatever color the right of suffrage in the Territory of Oregon. Laid on the table.

Mr. Clarke then addressed the Senate, and spoke at considerable length in explanation of his course as one of the minority members of the Select Committee, from which the bill was reported, giving his reasons for the opposition he expressed in the Committee, and still feels. He then submitted an amendment, providing that involuntary servitude shall not exist in Oregon, under the Territorial Government, unless sanctioned by Congress.

Mr. Miller then addressed the Senate at considerable length in opposition to the bill.

Mr. Phelps followed in a brief support of the bill, and in defence of his course as a member of the Special Committee of the Senate.

Mr. Fitzgerald followed. He was disposed to go against the bill, but still was willing to vote for it if he could think that it would settle the question. He feared that the friends of the bill were destined to be disappointed in this particular.

Mr. Corwin opposed the passage of the bill in an able speech of three hours' duration. It is said to have made a profound impression.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 18th, Mr. Botts, from the Committee of Conference, reported a bill agreed upon with the Committee on the part of the Senate, and recommended to both Houses. It repeals the law of 1846, requiring the reduction of the officers of the army to the former standard. It also allows three month's extra pay. The question upon adopting the report of the Conference Committee was then taken by yeas and nays, when it was adopted by a vote of 119 to 30.

Mr. Pursloe presented a paper from the Commissioner of Patents, pronouncing the charges preferred against him and referred to by the Committee on the Patent office as false, and asking a hearing before the Committee. Referred to the Committee on Patents, with authority to send for persons and papers.

On the 19th, the bill extending pensions to the widows of soldiers of the Revolution, married previous to 1800, was then taken up. Messrs. Rose and Pollock were warm in advocating it, and Messrs. Bowlin and Venable opposed its passage. The vote was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the affirmative, by a vote of 128 to 13.

The joint resolution providing for carrying the mails to and from the Pacific in steamers, under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, was taken up, Messrs. Butler and Keen spoke ably in support of the resolution, after which it was laid upon the table, and the House adjourned.

On the 20th, more than an hour was spent in deciding a question of order raised yesterday by Mr. Stewart, of Michigan. It was in relation to Mr. Stephens' changing his vote and the casting vote of the Speaker upon an item in the civil bill, appropriating $15,000 for the improvement of the Savannah River, which having been previously stricken out, was restored.

Rejection of the Civil Bill.—The Bill, with this item restored, was then put upon its final passage, and the vote being taken by yeas and nays, it was negatived, yeas 78, nays 100. The Whigs, finding that the Democrats were voting in the negative, voted nay likewise.

Mr. Turner moved a reconsideration.

Mr. Cobb hoped that the House would reconsider the bill, and recommit it to the Committee on Ways and Means, so that it could be framed to suit the views of the majority.

Mr. Pettit moved to lay the question upon the table and the vote being taken by yeas and nays it was negatived, yeas 20, nays 151, and the House refused to lay the motion to reconsider upon the table.

Mr. Vinton said that the most of the items in the bill had been reconsidered by the executive departments, and he knew not why the gentlemen on the other side voted against the bill.

Mr. Gentry spoke for the Whig side of the House, and said that having seen the other side voting nay, they chose to vote with them.

Mr. Cobb said that there were objectionable items in the bill which had caused his and other negative votes. He objected to the Savannah River improvement.

Mr. Vinton resumed and explained.

A debate that assumed a political character ensued, in which Messrs. Spicer, McKay, Hudson, Bayley, Stephens and others participated.

Mr. Smith, of Indiana, obtained the floor, when an adjournment took place.

On the 21st, the Speaker announced the first business in order to be the consideration of the motion made to re-consider the vote by which the Civil Appropriation Bill had been negatived.

Mr. Smith, of Indiana, having the floor from yesterday, occupied the attention of the House with a warm review of the conduct of the dominant party, and in the course of his speech read the letter of General Cass to the Chicago Convention.

Mr. Stewart, of Michigan, followed and defended his party and Gen. Cass. He concluded with an attack upon the Whigs.

Mr. Goggin next made a hasty speech and quoted Mr. Bagley's former denunciation of Gen. Jackson's usurpation of power. He also quoted Henry A. Wise's testimony against Gen. Cass, before an Investigating Committee.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, read a speech against Gen. Taylor and the Whig party and eulogistic of Gen. Cass.

Mr. Barrow replied.

The question was then taken on the reconsideration, which being carried, the House adjourned.

On the 22d, the House took up the Civil Appropriation bill, when Mr. Cobb moved a reconsideration of the vote, by which the bill had been ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Clingman moved to lay the motion upon the table, and the vote being taken by yeas and nays, was decided in the affirmative—yeas 99, nays 88. So the House refused to consider the engrossment of the bill.

The bill was then brought back upon its final passage again, when it was read a third time and passed—yeas 108, nays 76.

Mr. Vinton then moved a reconsideration, and by way of a clincher, Mr. Schenck spoke for an hour in exposition of the policy of the administration party, upon the subject of internal improvements, and throwing off the responsibility. The debate was continued by Messrs. Lahm, Green, and others.

Mr. King, of Georgia, moved to lay the motion upon the table, which was carried, and the bill stands passed, with the appropriation for the improvement of the Savannah river.

On the 24th, Mr. Clingman submitted a resolution for the adjournment of Congress on the 7th of August, which, after some debate, was passed by a vote of 126 to 49.

A message was received from the President, replying to the resolution calling upon him for the instructions respecting the establishment of civil governments in California and New Mexico.

After being read, Mr. Cobb moved that 10,000 copies be printed.

The message says that the governments were established by his direct orders as President of the United States, he having acquired the power by the conquest of the territories.

Mr. Hilliard obtained the floor, and reviewed the message, condemning the President's whole conduct. He also opposed the Senate's Slavery Bill, and advocated the Missouri Compromise.

Mr. Birdsall followed, and read a speech on territorial rights, in the course of which he denounced Van Buren as base and dishonorable.

Mr. Vinton followed in a speech of much severity against the President's conduct.

Mr. Duncan, of Kentucky, followed on the same side, and opposed the President's proceedings.

The House ordered the message and documents to be printed, and made the order of the day for Thursday.

HONEY BEES.

Certain persons in this country, are making money by producing artificial swarms of bees, at one dollar for each swarm produced. They attempt to veil the subject in mystery.

Was the process a discovery of any of these persons, we would say go ahead, gentlemen—do what you can and make what you can by your discovery and genius. But it is not so. It is a species of "Book Farming," which they have learned from books, and therefore it is not—should not—and shall not be used as a recent valuable discovery, if we can make the matter understood.

Artificial Swarming, consists merely in taking a piece of comb containing young bees about *three days old*—fixing the comb in a clean hive, and then collecting by means of a quill or brush and saucer, at least one half of the bees belonging to the hive from which the comb was taken, and placing them in the hive containing the newly taken out comb. This is all that is necessary to produce a good active swarm of bees, which will do as well at least as those left behind; some pretend that a particular kind of comb should and must be taken for the purpose, for instance, comb containing royal cells. It is a mere pretence; and comb containing bees of the age above mentioned will do.

Another Process.—Take the Queen Bee, and secure her—then drive more than half the bees in the hive to another hive—remove it some distance and then put the Queen in, or if less than half are taken, remove the old hive to some other place, and let the new one occupy the place of the old one, so that the absent workers, as they return from their labors, may recognise their old Queen, and remain with her.—*Morgan Chronicle.*

LATEST NEWS!

FROM MEXICO.

The New Orleans Delta of the 14th, has seen a letter expressed to a gentleman in that city, stating that the armies of Paredes and Bustamente had approached within sight of one another, at a small town about midway between Guanajuato and the city of Mexico, and that a large portion of the forces of the latter had deserted to the former. The Delta thinks that Paredes has, no doubt, ere this, marched quietly into the city of Mexico, and dispossessed the government which concluded the peace with the United States. Perhaps so. The Supreme Court of Mexico, at the last regular advices, was agitating the question of protesting against the treaty on the ground that it was unconstitutional.

The steamship Alabama from Vera Cruz arrived at New Orleans on the 20th. She left on the 15th, and brings over one horse battery and three companies of the 1st Artillery. Gen. Worth is also a passenger.

The public property had all been withdrawn from Vera Cruz, and the only force remaining was the garrison. The final evacuation was expected to take place about the 1st prox.

Gen. Wool and staff were at the Brazos on the 15th, awaiting transportation. There was much sickness among the volunteers.

RHINOCEROS ESCAPED.

A slip from the office of the Johnstown Republican, states, that on Saturday night last, while Raymond & Waring's menagerie was at Galway, the elephant Columbus broke off some of the grates to the cage of the rhinoceros, letting him loose.—A fight took place between them. The rhinoceros was felled to the earth, but soon rose and gave the elephant several upward thrusts with his prodigious horn, wounding him so that he is not expected to live. The rhinoceros escaped to the woods, where he was pursued by about fifty persons, but up to Sunday evening had not been captured. A large reward is offered for him if recaptured alive.

Varieties.

SCRAPS
FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S POCKET BOOK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NO. IX.

We are told that of men there is none good, no, not one. The reverse of the proposition is equally true—there is none bad, no, not one; if by bad we mean completely corrupted. Men are a mixture of good and evil. The one nearest to perfection is still defective in some respects, and the one nearest to complete corruption has some redeeming qualities. How little have the best to boast of, how much the worst to be encouraged.

We ought to think and speak truly, without endeavoring to gain others to our way of thinking, or to make them adopt our tastes and our sentiments. An attempt so to gain men is too great an enterprise.

He who would not permit another to think for himself, would rob him of what is most dear to him.

Men and women seldom agree on the merits of a woman; their interests are so very different. Women do not please each other by the same attractions that they please men; a thousand indescribable things which kindle in the latter the strongest passions, form among them aversion and antipathy.

Do not envy those who have great riches, they frequently cost them very dearly; they are purchased with health, repose, honor and conscience, and are a bad bargain.

The best way of making a fortune is to induce men by your good actions to promote your interest.

He is rich who receives more than he uses; he is poor who consumes more than he gets.

There are but two ways of rising in the world, either by our own industry and probity, or by the imbecility and follies of others.

A long sickness seems placed between life and death, so that death may be a relief to those who die.

There are but three events in the life of man; to be born, to live and to die; he does not feel when he is born, he suffers at the thought of death, and he forgets to live. BUBULCUS.

SMOKING.

When up Main Street you are walking,
And with some pretty little creature talking
To have a fellow smoking
Poking
A step or two before you,
As if to bore you,
And puffing
At every other step a cloud of smoke—
Making the lady of whom I spoke
Choke!
A cuffing
Is the only fit reward for such a dirty joke.

Improved Method of Making Charcoal.—A mode of manufacturing this substance, in France, is to fill all the interstices in the heap of wood to be charred, with dry powdered charcoal; then cover the whole mass with earth or sods, and burn it in the usual way. By this means, much of the access of air is prevented, and a saving of ten per cent. in volume as well as weight of charcoal, will be gained over the ordinary modes.—*American Agriculturist.*

Dimensions Necessary for Health in Living or Sleeping Apartments.—No living, sleeping, nor working room should contain less than 140 superficial feet at the bottom, nor should be less than eight feet high, with at least one window, opening at the top, and if possible, it should not be without an open fireplace, or an opening for ventilation near the floor.

Miscellaneous.

THE AMY ROBSART, OF KENILWORTH.

A Mr. Craik has just published, in London, one volume of a book called the "Romance of the Peerage, or Curiosities of Family History." It is no fiction, but a selection of the unpublished letters of certain persons well known, not only as peers and princesses of England but also in Literature and History. Among others there are several letters from Robert Dudley and his agent concerning the death of Lady Robert Dudley at Cumnor. The "Robert Dudley" of these letters is the Earl of Leicester of Scott's novel of Kenilworth, and the lady, who is thus made the subject of a correspondence, was the "Amy Robsart," whose piteous death is the tragic ending of that admirable narrative.

In these letters Dudley does not appear the loving husband which, despite of all his ambition, he seems to be, when the news of his lady's danger is announced to him at the Castle. When the rumor came to him, as his own letter to Blount testifies, that his wife was dead, "by a fall from a pair of stairs," he seems to have experienced little pain beside the anxiety with which a dread of the world's suspicion afflicted him. He says that "the greatness and suddenness of the misfortune doth so perplex me, until I do hear from you how the matter standeth, or how this evil should light upon me, considering what the malicious world will print, as I can take no rest."—And he begs that a jury may be summoned to examine all the circumstances attending his wife's death. He seems to have been thoroughly contented, when the foreman of the jury wrote to him, that, "for any thing he or they by any record or examination can make in the world, hitherto, it doth plainly appear a very misfortune," or accident. Yet, to make things more certain, he orders that another jury be summoned, congratulating himself as to the other jurymen, however, that—"they be all strangers to me." There was indeed much necessity to call a jury to tell the manner of the lady's death, when her own husband, on first hearing of the accident feared that the public tongue would whisper suspicion upon his name. We may experience a sensation of regret on finding our sympathy with Dudley's long continued struggle between his love and ambition, fade away before this indisputable revelation of his selfishness.—*Western Continent.*

A LOVE SCENE.

Captain Tobin, a clever correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, thus sketches a scene that occurred in Mexico, just after the U. S. troops had received orders to march:

There are many bright eyes dimmed with tears, "All my mother rose to my eyes" at a scene of distress in one family. A beautiful girl formed an attachment for a young Virginia Lieutenant, and loved him wildly and madly, as none but Spanish girls do.

He had just paid his *adios* to the family when I called to pay mine. I found the father very sad; the young lady weeping bitterly with a gentle older sister holding one hand, and a fair younger one the other; her mother bent over her, endeavoring to console her, but the attempt was useless; the girl's very looks seemed to express plainly the languid words of Moore's beautiful translation of Anacreon's Sappho:

"Oh! my sweet mother, 'tis in vain,
I cannot weave as once I wove;
So 'wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking on the youth I love."

THE SMALL TAIL MOVEMENT.

The following story, told by the Richmond Republican, we feel constrained to publish, though we are aware that in doing it we render ourselves liable to the charge of violating our fixed rule, not to meddle with partisan politics. If we have a Democratic reader, however, who is disposed to take umbrage, we offer in extenuation the quality of the story, and if not satisfied with that, to balance the account we promise to publish against the Whigs as good a one whenever found. The writer thus tells the story:

During the canvass of 1840, being then on my very first legs as a politician, I was holding forth to a crowd at the county seat of G———, in Virginia, upon the highly respectable military services of General Harrison. From the manner in which the audience attended to what I was saying, I flattered myself that my efforts were highly acceptable to them. I spoke of the old hero's gallantry and generalship at the battle of Tippecanoe—of the firmness he displayed during the night attack of the savages upon his encampment—the promptness exhibited in all his arrangements during that trying occasion, and the victory that crowned his efforts. I also dilated and enlarged upon the siege of Fort Meigs, and eulogized his constancy, bravery and self-denial on that occasion, which brought the campaign of 1812 to a victorious close, turned the tide of savage warfare back from the Ohio border, rescued thousands of women and children from the merciless tomahawk, and restored the blessings of security to the North Bend. I was proceeding to treat in the same strain, of the battle of the Thames, when an opponent, of considerable influence in the neighborhood, stepped forward, and the following dialogue ensued:

"What sort of a movement," said he, "was it that General Harrison made at the battle of the Thames?"

"I don't remember any movement specially; his movements were, doubtless, in accordance with the rules of military art; and he certainly discharged his duty with ability and energy."

"Don't you know," said the questioner, with ill suppressed indignation, "that General Harrison made the *small tail movement* at the battle of the Thames?"

"Really, sir, I do not comprehend the drift of your remarks."

Upon this my opponent drew out of his breeches pocket an old edition of "Grimshaw's History of the late War," opened it at a place where a leaf had been carefully turned down, and asked me to read aloud a passage to the following effect:—"At the battle of the Thames, General Harrison performed a *novel* movement. He ordered Colonel Johnson's regiment of mounted men to charge the Indians, who were posted in the woods with trailed arms," &c.

"Stop!" says he, in great triumph, "what do you think of that?"

"Why, sir," said I, "it shows General Harrison's genius. He invented a manœuvre perfectly adapted to the occasion, and the whole affair was highly honorable to his military sagacity."

"What is the meaning of the word *novel*?" he demanded, with a perfect roar of confidence and triumph.

"It means new," I replied.

"It means a *small tail*," said he, with a tremendous voice, and, drawing out of his pocket a small edition of Walker's Dictionary, asked me to look for the word. I did so, and found it to mean as follows:—

"Novel *a.* New, *s.* A small tale."

I saw at once the source of the fellow's error, and despaired of convincing him of it. I tried to explain to him the difference between an *adjective* and a *substantive*—told him that in the text quoted above, the word "novel" was used as an adjective. Said I, "don't you see little a there, *that* shows that when 'novel' is an adjective, it means '*new*,' but when it is a substantive, as shown by *s*, it means a small tale'—that is, a small book, a story." This was rather beyond my questioner's comprehension, and, therefore, rather staggered him a little, but, recovering himself, he squinted at the Dictionary, and exclaimed—

"I know nothing of your *adjectives* and your *substantives*, but this I know, that if *little a* means any thing over there, *big A* must mean more on this side, and, therefore, this is the most important meaning."

"Sir," said I, in perfect despair, "did you ever hear of the *small tail* movement being performed?"

"Yes—I was at Camp Carter, near Richmond, during the last war, and frequently saw it."

"How was it done?"

"Why, they went round and round, and came out, I can't tell now, exactly; but it was called the meanest movement in all the tactics."

I afterwards learned that the fellow in question carried his Grimshaw and Walker through the canvass, and actually convinced many in his section that General Harrison disgraced himself at the battle of the Thames, by performing a movement called the *small tail* movement. He remains of the same impression to this day, and is generally known by the sobriquet of "the man of the small tail movement."

[We may remark that we doubt that the above story is true, simply because we doubt that any edition of Walker's Dictionary defines "novel" as "a *small* tale." But, as a made up story, it will do as well, that, perhaps, we ought not to insist upon its doubtful character as an authentic statement.—*Ed. Saturday Evening Post.*]

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

On Thursday morning last, seeing a number of persons hurrying toward the Chaudiere Falls, we inquired the cause, and were informed that a crib of timber, with two men upon it, had passed over the "Big Kettle," and that one of them had been drowned, while the other was stuck on the table rock, upon this side of the river, immediately opposite the suspension bridge. Having repaired to the scene of the accident, we found this melancholy tale verified. It appears that being unaccustomed to navigate the channel leading into the slide, which is perfectly simple and easy of access, they had neglected to keep close enough to the shore, until, too late, they found themselves drawn with gradually increasing rapidity toward the fearful abyss, through which no man living has ever been known to pass, although many have found in its deep waters a grave. Upon entering the rapid immediately approaching the fall, one of the men (whose name we have since learned to have been Baptiste Beaudran, that of the other Paul Filardeau,) jumped off the crib toward the shore, since when no vestige of him has been seen.

But amid the anxious crowd gathered upon the beach, which could not have numbered less than four hundred persons, sympathy for the unfortunate fate of the dead seemed almost wholly merged in the most intense and absorbing interest for the salvation of the living. Standing upon the small rocky island, upon which the miraculous intervention of a merciful Providence had placed him, with a "hell of waters" roaring around him on all sides, his was a critical and fearful situation. In comparative safety, save from the constant exposure to the heavy spray, some proposed that he should remain until the water should fall sufficiently to permit his passing over; while others, who understood the danger better, suggested that means should be adopted at once to convey him to the main land.

In pursuance of this determination, a stone, having a string attached to it, was, after several unsuccessful attempts, thrown across the water. A rope was then fastened to the string, which was passed over a high post, and drawn across by Filardeau, and made fast to the rock; a large iron ring having been put upon the hawser, a smaller rope was tied to it, a few feet at one end being allowed to hang down for the purpose of securing round his body. This was also passed over by a string as before.

The arrangements being completed, the signal was given him to prepare for his precarious voyage. This he did with a great deal of coolness, arranging the rope round his body with admirable skill. During the time thus occupied, the excitement became breathless. It rose to the highest possible pitch, when, apparently misunderstanding signals made to him, to await some farther arrangements upon the shore, he poised himself upon a portion of the crib, which had formed a "jamb" upon the rock, and launched off boldly, with naught but the thin air between him and eternity. The moment was a thrilling one. A portion of his body dipped into the foaming waters below—we turned to look upon the effect produced upon the multitude around. All seemed to hold their very breath, while, with pallid cheeks, and eyes intently fixed, they gazed upon the scene. A moment passed, which to many there doubtless seemed an age, and the rocks resounded with one loud, deep shout, in which even the roaring of the torrent itself was lost. Drawn swiftly along the hawser by the ring, in less time than we have taken to narrate it, the shore is reached in safety, and congratulations are poured upon the hero of this adventure, for his most miraculous escape from sharing the untimely fate of his unfortunate companion.—Long will his extraordinary passage be remembered from this island, which may henceforward be appropriately designated "Filardeau's Rock."—*Bytown Canada Gazette.*

Bytown is on the Grand Ottawa River, far in the interior of Canada. The situation of Mr. Filardeau was one of great peril; quite as much so as if he had been driven on one of the small islands directly above the Falls of Niagara.—*Com. Adv.*

Utility of Wasps and Hornets.—Reaumer states that the French butchers are glad to have wasps about their stalls, for the purpose of driving away the blow flies. In our own country, both wasps and hornets do great service in destroying vast numbers of tormenting flies and moths.

Color of Eggs.—Fowls, to which a portion of chalk is given with their food, lay eggs having shells remarkable for their whiteness. By substituting for chalk, a calcareous earth, rich in oxide of iron, the color of the egg shells will be of an orange-red.

The Memory.—If it be weak, do not overload it. Charge it only with the most useful and solid matters. A small vessel should not be crowded with lumber.

LUNATICS.

There are some very interesting cases of mania at the Asylum on Blackwell's Island, N. Y. One old woman, with a fine classic face, claims to be "the spirit which originally breathed upon chaos;" to this she sometimes adds, that she is "the Bright and Morning Star." She walks the room with a Bible constantly clasped to her bosom, and at times utters the most pathetic and beautiful language.

A gentleman who once was noted for his talents and literary acquirements, imagines himself a king, and has magnificent schemes for governing the world.

One pretty girl, who went crazy from a disappointment in love, will converse on many subjects rationally. She was engaged to be married, but a difference of religion induced the relatives of her lover to break off the match, and she, poor girl, had her mind unsettled thereby.

One man has invented a process for changing sea weed into tobacco, thereby keeping in the country much money that now goes to Havana. Another has been by some trick, wronged out of the Presidency.

The most remarkable man in the Asylum is a Spaniard—a powerful man, six feet high, with large black eyes and a dark swarthy skin, who is the very personification of the demoniac mentioned in the Scriptures, "whom no man could bind." He wears no clothes, and as with impassioned gestures he speaks of the scenes which memory or fancy pictures forth, he displays a powerful mind unhinged—a fierce will unguided by reason. He has been a slaver and a pirate, and as he speaks of transactions at the Gallinas and a Brazil, exhibits a desperate and blood thirsty countenance.

Life in New York.

TWO JERSEY GIRLS WHO DIDN'T SEE THE ELEPHANT

One of the Jersey boats brought to the city of New York, on the 4th, two young, fresh, and hearty girls, who had long before agreed to celebrate the Fourth of July together, in seeing the wonders and amusements of that city. They had made a trifle of money in picking strawberries at one penny a basket; were fast friends and not half as green as the fields they were accustomed to roam in, albeit they were veritable country girls, and had never read the latest work on etiquette. You may be sure they were in fine spirits, when, after swallowing a cup of tolerable coffee in Washington Market, they walked up Fulton Street to the American Museum, paid their two shillings each, and "helped themselves" liberally to a sight of the numberless curiosities which that popular establishment contains.

When according to their own estimation, they had got their money's worth, they went out, intending to make their way to the Battery, to see the military pageant. But they had scarcely left the Museum steps before a good-looking, well-dressed young man, quite accidentally stumbled against them, and quite as naturally apologised for the unpremeditated offence.

"There's no harm done," said Susan! "is there *Jane*? We are country girls, and don't mind trifles. Besides, you city people always walk with your eyes up at the tops of the houses. For my part I don't see how you get along so well."

"Then you are from the country, young ladies?" said the strange young gentleman, with a bow and a smile.

"Yes, we are," answered Susan; "ain't we, *Jane*? We are from the Jerseys, just back of Shrewsbury. Were you ever at Shrewsbury, sir—down at the beach, I mean? It's a famous place along that shore, and people who are born there have their eye-teeth ready cut, and their eye-brows buttoned back when they're away from home.—Catch them napping! Why they were all what you call land pirates once, and didn't think any more of toiling a ship ashore, than a city sharper would think of cheating a country green-horn."

"I am not from the Jerseys," the young man replied, "but I am a stranger in town, like yourselves, and if you have no objection, I should be pleased to accompany you round for a few hours."

"I'm agreeable," said Susan, "if Jane is. We are going to the Battery to see the sogers."

Jane said that she was not the girl to break up pleasant company, and off the trio started—the two girls quietly exchanging glances as Susan whispered to Jane—

"He's one on 'em as we've read of in the papers, and now for some fun, Jenny, dear."

Very pleasantly, arm-in-arm, the party worked their way through the crowd, and had got as far down as Trinity Church, when, with a sudden start, and a loud exclamation, Susan declared that she had lost the purse which contained the money of both herself and Jane. Jane looked sorrowful, while the young man appeared to be not a little embarrassed.

"I don't care," said Susan, after regaining her composure, "it was not much—a few cents over five dollars; and I have a fifty dollar bill pinned in my sleeve, which I was to pay away for father.—But I'll get that changed, and let father pay the next time he comes up." Saying which, she presented a fifty dollar note, and asked the young gentleman where she could get it changed?

"All the brokers are closed to-day," he said, "and I have not more than fifteen dollars in city money by me. If the balance in Southern money would answer—"

"Is it good?" asked Susan.

"Oh, perfectly good," was the reply, "although you must get it exchanged at the brokers."

"Father'll do that—give me fifteen dollars in city money—that's more than I want to-day—and the rest in Southern, as you call it."

The exchange was made, the Jersey girl pocketing fifteen dollars in good money, and thirty-five in worthless bills, and the three resumed their walk to the Battery.

The sharper was very polite and attentive, and Susan and Jane as cordial as though they had known him from childhood. But we have not time to follow this interesting party in their sight-seeing on the Fourth.

They went down to one of the eating houses, near Fulton Market, to dine, about two o'clock, and then the girls began to talk of moving for the boat, which left at four. Their companion insisted that they should stay and see the fire-works in the evening, and said that he had an aunt who kept a fashionable boarding-house, where they could stay all night, and return home the next morning. Jane protested that they must go back that night, but Susan, with a sly wink, said they could as well stay over, but they must go down to the boat, and send word by the Captain to her father, who would be waiting for them at the landing. Jane, with much seeming reluctance assented, and away the three started for the boat. There they were obliged to wait, because Susan could not find the Captain, and it would not do to send the message by anybody else. Three o'clock came; then half-past three, then a quarter to four—still Susan could not see the Captain. They were standing by the gangway when the last bell rang. It tolled, the ropes were being cast off, when Susan, with a wink at Jane, said, that on the whole, she believed she would go home, and the two girls stepped on board the boat, just as they were pulling in the plank.

"Much obliged for your politeness," said Susan, with a merry laugh, and speaking to the sparker-gallant who stood on the pier—"remember me to your *aunt*."

"And me, too," said Jane, laughing also: "and if you ever come down our way, tell us how you enjoyed the fire-works. I'm sure you won't forget us."

When the boat was under weigh the girls broke out into a real Jersey laugh.

"You didn't lose your purse?" asked Jane.

"Here it is," said Susan, "to speak for itself, and some of the rogue's money in it, too. Only think that *fifty dollar counterfeit bill*, marked counterfeit in big letters on the back of it, that father got when he was a grand juryman, and indicted the counterfeiters—to pass that off for fifteen dollars good money, (I know it's good) and have a handsome beau in the bargain!"

"But suppose," said Jane, earnestly, "that we should be mistaken and he not the sharper we suspect?"

"Not a sharper? Why didn't he want us to go to his aunt's.

"But the chap made a mistake—he's not had much acquaintance with Jersey girls, but he'll know 'em again when he sees 'em." And Susan put up her money in a way which expressed the satisfaction she felt at the result of her Fourth of July adventure in New York.—*New York Dispatch.*

Items of News.

English Items.—To so great an extent has olive oil been adulterated with lard oil, that, not long since, the Jewish Rabbis throughout the kingdom were requested to cause an examination to be made of the oil employed by their people for culinary purposes, lest they should be consuming the production of an unclean animal.

A gentleman is said to have challenged the Great Western Railway Company to run a race of half a mile; between one of its engines and his horse, for a stake of one thousand guineas. The match is proposed to be decided on the Reading Race Course, which is parallel with the railway.

Nearly two hundred young women, under the charge of six matrons, sailed last week from Plymouth, in the Royal George, for Sydney, New South Wales. These girls were all selected in the Irish Union Workhouses, and are sent by the Australian Land and Emigration Commissioners.

Temperance.—The cause of Temperance appears to flourish in Canada. In the parish of St. Mathias with an adult population of 1,200, all but four persons have signed the pledge. This parish is said to have spent annually in strong drinks, up to the present time, $4,000. The R[illegible] Bishop is the great leader of the [illegible] movement now in progress in [illegible]

The Soldier's Waking Dream.—The Pittsburg Journal relates a touching incident connected with the return of the volunteers. As they were marching up the wharf, near disembarkation, a young gallant looking soldier happened to catch sight of a young woman at the same moment that she saw him. She was quite pretty, very neatly dressed, and had a very bright little baby in her arms. The young woman uttered a short joyful cry as she saw the soldier. Away went the musket, and darting from his place in the ranks, the brave fellow caught his wife and child in his arms.

Gambling.—The New Orleans Delta gives an account of a victim of a gambling house in that city, who, getting into a rage at his bad luck, knocked over the table, and discovered divers wires, by means of which, intelligence was conveyed to the player, in order to enable him to plunder his victim more effectually.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevens, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Barton.*

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JUSTUS WHITE, New York and Canadas.

J. L. SPROGLE, in Ohio, &c.

W. M. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N. Carolina, is Agent for this paper.

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OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 11th to the 17th July.

July 11, received from			
J. B. Shields	$30 00	J. B. Good	5 25
T. G. Lodge	4 00	W. Britton	2 00
J. Adshead	1 00	Dr. J. McMillan	5 00
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A. Price	5 00	Mrs. L. K. Pratt	2 00
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July 13.			
L. O. Rodgers	2 00	J. M. Swanson	10 00
A. L. Knight	2 00	J. E. Barnett	10 00
L. H. Purnell	2 00	W. P. Kendall	5 00
G. L. Bass	5 00	J. S. Kirk	10 00
T. Newberry	1 25	Mrs. A. D. Sims	2 00
A. J. Stone	7 50	Miss H. L. Carr	2 00
Post Master	6 00	S. H. Farr & Co.	20 00
E. Hallowell	2 00	N. L. Inskeep & Co.	10 00
A. Wiley	4 00	Miss A. E. Barclay	2 00
A. Watt	10 00	D. C. Dwight, Jr.	2 00
July 14.			
W. Blackburn	4 00	W. P. Megear	1 00
Col. J. Washington	2 00	W. Wainwright	2 00
S. Wright	5 00	Susan Keyser	2 00
T. J. Brame	2 00	R. Damman	2 00
Dr. D. Cane	2 00	J. Brock	2 00
W. Stewart	1 00	P. L. Snyder	2 00
J. Schlosser	2 00	F. G. Smith	2 00
R. Wray	1 25	W. E. Kirkland	2 00
J. L. Walker	4 00	Dr. J. Gibson	2 00
A. G. Hawkins	2 00	Miss M. Mason	2 00
J. C. Willcox	4 00	J. Alsey	2 00
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C. Griswold	2 00	Mrs. L. D. Hall	2 00

REMEDY FOR BRONCHITIS.
Boston, May 25th, 1847.

Mr. Seth W. Fowle,

Dear Sir—There are so many quack medicines at the present time, and each one has more or less certificates from real or imaginary individuals, that I have for some time had doubts of the propriety of giving any testimony in favor of your medicine. But being assured that I have been benefitted by its use, and feeling satisfied that by giving in my testimony in regard to its medicinal qualities, I may, perhaps, be the means of saving some one similarly afflicted, I therefore cheerfully add my testimony in favor of the medicine that I know has done me great good. I have been afflicted with the Bronchitis for a number of years, and by the use of a couple of bottles of

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY,

I am happy to say that I am almost free from the above troublesome disease.

If this should be the means of saving even one of my fellow beings from that most troublesome and painful disease, (Bronchitis) I shall be fully paid for my trouble in writing the above communication.

Respectfully yours,
B. COVERT, Vocalist,
Firm of Covert & Dodge.

We take pleasure in transmitting the above certificate of Mr. Covert, in favor of the curative properties of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, to our columns. Mr. Covert (of the firm of Covert & Dodge, vocalists,) has been long and favorably known in this city and vicinity as a vocalist of rare attainments. We have watched with painful anxiety his declining health from the disease of which he speaks, and have almost despaired of his recovery—as, we placed him in the catalogue of incurables—but thanks to the virtues of Dr. Wistar's Balsam, he is now, greatly to our surprise, enjoying most excellent health.—*New England Washingtonian, Boston.*

For sale by Charles Schaffer, No. 215 Market street, Frederick Brown, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, and Druggists generally throughout the United States and British Provinces. It

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, July 29, 1848

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	11 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	88 dis
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	33 dis
Susquehanna county	2 dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield, Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	¼ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	85 dis
Yard Del Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	¼ dis
Mineral bank	2 dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	¼ dis
Canal bk. Albany	50 dis
Tonawanda	60 dis
Oswego	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	3 dis
Atlas bank	25 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1
Northern Ex. bk	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	¼ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	¼ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	¼ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	¼ dis
CANADA	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & branches	1½ dis
Far. Bk & branch	[illegible] dis
Valley Bk & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So. West R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	1½ dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Ruckersville Bkg Co	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA	
Bank of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO	
Bank of Wooster	20 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA	
State bank	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	50 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	4½ dis
MICHIGAN	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	7 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners' bank	—

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ALMANAC.

August, 1848	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
29 Saturday,	4 54	7 6	1 19	
30 Sunday,	4 55	7 5	2 9	D. H. M.
31 Monday,	4 56	7 4	2 59	
1 Tuesday,	4 57	7 3	3 44	
2 Wedn'sday,	4 58	7 2	4 29	First 6 9 49
3 Thursday,	4 59	7 1	5 14	Full 14 3 15
4 Friday,	5 0	7 0	6 7	Last 21 11 3
5 Saturday,	5 1	6 59	6 41	New 29 1 36

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

July	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
16,	75	82	84
17,	65	74	80
18,	70	74	87
19,	74	86	90
20,	74	85	90
21,	76	87	92
22	81	81	85

Married,

At Baltimore, on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. H. V. D. Johns, Joseph Merrefield, of Philadelphia, to Miss Rebecca, daughter of the late Joseph Tunney, of that city.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Alfred H. Scholl, of Philadelphia, to Hannah Dilworth, of Bucks county, Pa.

At Philadelphia, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. R. W. Thomas, Mr. Wenzel Hartman, of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah H. Chapman, of the same place.

On the 30th ult. by Ald. C. Brazer, Mr. George B. Morrell, to Miss Mary Ann Boarder, both of this county.

By the same, on the 19th inst. Mr. William Kenworthy, to Miss Mary Warnsly, both of Delaware county.

On the 13th of May, by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. Adolph Waitz, of Hamburg, to Miss Margaretta, daughter of Capt. Wm. Saankland, of Southwark.

On the 20th inst. at the Madison House, Philadelphia, by the Rev. Andrew Menship, Mr. James M. Brown, to Miss Mary J. Cowden, both of Delaware City, New Castle county, Del.

On the 27th ult. by the Right Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, at his Episcopal residence, Mr. George A. Pilkington, to Mrs. Elizabeth V. Losue, both of Baltimore.

On the the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cantwell, Mr. Mathew Garvey, of New York, formerly of this city, to Miss Mary A. C. Bagon, of Southwark.

On the 17th of Jan. last, by Alderman McKinley, Mr. Lewis Gromer, to Miss Louisa Heath, both of Philadelphia.

At Baltimore, on the 19th inst. at Christ Church, by the Rev. Doctor Johns, John Wills, to Rebecca F. Tox, of that city.

On the 18th inst. at Philip's Church, by the Rev. Daniel S. Miller, Charles Calhoun, to Margaret C. daughter of Andrew Laughlin, of Philadelphia.

On the 18th of May, by the Rev. Herschel S. Porter, Mr. David M. Smith, to Miss Caroline Clawges, all of Philadelphia.

On the 26th inst. by the Rev. Wm. L. Dennis, Mr. James Pawson, to Miss Elizabeth J. Woodley, both of this city.

Died,

At the residence of his mother, on the 15th inst. at Green Hill, Philadelphia county, Washington L. Mahan, aged 15½ months, infant son of the late Lieut. Washington Lafayette Mahan, who fell in a duel at China, Mexico.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson, aged 37 years.

On the 20th inst. Thomas Hunter, aged 50 years.

On the 20th inst. Mr. James H. Eagles, aged 42.

On the 20th inst. Elizabeth, wife of Stephen Wendel, aged 39 years.

On the 21st inst. Daniel McLernan, aged 20 mos.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Margaret Wade, aged 60.

On the 21st inst. Mary, wife of Jas. Dugan, aged 25.

On the 21st instant, James, son of John and Ann C. Blair, aged 8 years.

On the 20th inst. Charles Stellwagen, aged 58.

On the 18th inst. Richard Howell, son of Richard and Sarah A. Chapman, aged 18 months.

On the 21st inst. Thaddeus C. Morrell.

On the 20th inst. John McAleer, aged 21 years.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Anna Barbara, consort of the late Geo. J. Foulkrod, aged 82 years.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Rosanna McMakin.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Helfrich Grecke, aged 61.

On the 20th inst. Sarah M. Brogues, aged 34.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Sarah Wallis, aged 44.

At Spring Mills, Montgomery county, Pa., Abraham Kunzi, aged 84 years.

On the 21st inst. Peter, son of James and Frances Mickle, aged 18 months.

On the 21st inst. James Cuthbertson, aged 78.

At Easton, Pa. on the 19th inst. Dorsey Stout, son of Benj. and Emily Budd, aged 2 years.

On the 21st inst. John J. Stealey, aged 8 years.

At Bristol, Pa. on the 20th inst. Saml. S. Van Horn, aged 21 years.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Rebecca N. Lee, aged 45.

On the 18th inst. Joseph G. son of Jos. D. and Mary Wardell.

On the 19th inst. Rebecca, daughter of Robert and Rebecca Stinson, aged about 10 months.

On the 17th inst. Sarah Jane, daughter of Francis and Mary Haggerty, aged 3 years.

On the 19th inst. Charles Hamilton.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Ann Beaumont, aged 71.

On the 19th inst. Ellen Matilda, daughter of John and Maria Goodwin, aged 5 years.

On the 16th inst. Mr. Nathaniel Adams, aged 67.

On the 15th inst. Charles, son of John and Mary Ludenburgh, aged 15 months.

On the 18th inst. Mr. Daniel Crilly, aged 41.

On the 18th inst. Capt. Andrew Hollinger, aged 48.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Christiana, wife of Elijah W. Forman, aged 24 years.

On the 16th inst. Levinia Marshall, aged 7 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. James Lynch, aged 32 years.

On the 18th inst. Catharine Louisa, daughter of James and Elizabeth Christy, aged 15 months.

IMPROVEMENT IN WARMING AND VENTILATING HOUSES.—B. M. FELTWELL, late Lloyd & Feltwell, No. 406 Market street, (Girard Stores) between 11th and 12th, is agent for the celebrated Culver Cast Iron Furnaces.

He manufactures also, and has constantly for sale, Cooking Ranges, Bath Boilers, Summer Ovens, Grates and Stoves.

Also, Furnaces of different kinds, Registers and Ventilators of the newest and best patterns. Cast Iron Gas or Smoke Pipe, with a large assortment of Cooking and Parlor Stoves, all warranted to be of the best material, well made, and to meet the purposes they are intended for.
B. M. FELTWELL,
jy29-3m Late Lloyd & Feltwell, 406 Market street.

FLUSHING FEMALE INSTITUTE,
FORMERLY ST. THOMAS'S HALL,
FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND.
BUILDINGS, ETC.

THE subscriber having purchased the large and elegant establishment, erected a few years since, in Flushing, Long Island, by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, avails himself of the earliest opportunity, by means of this circular, to inform his friends and the public generally, that it will be opened, under his management, as a Seminary for Young Ladies, on the first Monday in November. It consists of an extensive range of buildings in the form of a quadrangle—including a Chapel constructed in the Gothic style of architecture—with a special reference to the quiet, and comfort, and training of a Large Family School. It is lighted with gas, and heated throughout by means of furnaces. The grounds around it are elegantly laid out, and ornamented with different kinds of shrubbery, and the whole forms one of the most beautiful and picturesque views any where to be found.

LOCATION.

The location is remarkably healthy, and is easy of access at all seasons of the year, by land or water. It is nine miles from New York, from which it may be reached by steamboats or stages, at almost any hour of the day.

THE PROPRIETOR.

To those who are not acquainted with the proprietor, it may be well to say, that he has been, for the last six years, in charge of the Belle-Vue Female Seminary, at Bordentown, N. J., which has been eminently successful in his hands—the principal cause of his removal being the want of more extensive accommodations. His personal and unremitting services will, as heretofore, be given to promote the health, as well as the moral and intellectual improvement of those who may be entrusted to his care, and as little as possible delegated to assistants.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

The course of study will embrace the branches usually taught in the best female seminaries, including the Ancient and Modern Languages, Drawing and Painting, and Instrumental Music.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

The pupils will attend whatever church may be selected by their parents or guardians; but where no direction is given, they will be required to accompany the principal.

SESSIONS, ETC.

Two sessions, of twenty-two weeks each, compose a year. One commences on the first Monday in May, the other on the first Monday in November.

EXPENSES.

Board and tuition, per session,	$75 00
Music on the piano, with the use of instrument, per session,	24 00
Ancient and Modern Languages, and Drawing, each, per session,	10 00
Beds and Bedding,	2 50
Stationary, and use of Library and Periodicals,	2 00

Instruction in Vocal Music will also be charged for extra, when given by a teacher employed expressly for the purpose. Washing and ironing thirty-seven and a half cents per dozen. Half payment of the session will be required in advance; the remainder at the close of the session.

REFERENCES.

Rev. Bishop Janes, D. D., Rev. Nathan Bangs, D. D., Rev. Charles Pitman, D. D., Rev. John McClintock, D. D., Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Francis Hall, Esq., New York.
A. B. Marvin, Esq., S. G. Arnold, Esq., Brooklyn, New York.
Rev. Peter P. Sandford, D. D., Kingston, N. Y.
" S. Olin, D. D., LL. D., Middletown, Conn.
" John P. Durbin, D. D., Rev. John Kennaday,
Hon. Benjamin Matthias, Philadelphia.
Professor Allen, Dickinson College.
Rev. S. A. Roszel, F. Laing Shaffer, Esq., Balt., Md.
Rev. Bishop Morris, Cincinnati, Ohio.
" Professor Cross, Transylvania University.
Messrs. Emory College.
James Bishop, Esq., New Brunswick, N. J.
Rev. Lovick Pearce, D. D., Columbus, Geo.

Those who may wish further information respecting the school can obtain it by addressing the subscriber at Bordentown, N. J., until the first of October; after that at Flushing, Long Island.
jy29-6t WILLIAM H. GILDER.

FOR CAPE MAY.
TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
The safe, comfortable and favorite Cape May steamboat OHIO, Captain I. Davis, having been refurnished and put in complete order, will commence making her regular trips to Cape May on Thursday next, June 29, and will leave Dock street wharf every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 8 o'clock, returning on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. jy 1-6t
Fare including meals and carriage hire $3
Season Tickets, meals and carriage hire extra $10.

CAUTION.
THE GREAT CELEBRITY WHICH MY Eau Lustrale Hair Restorative has acquired in Philadelphia, and throughout the United States, and the great demand that I have for the article, have prompted some unprincipled persons to get up an article of the same name, and in every outward appearance perfectly similar. The label is a perfect fac simile of my own. The subscriber would be sorry noticing such business, but is obliged to do so to put his customers upon their guard, as the whole [illegible] the article is well calculated to deceive. Be careful to look that the name of JULES HAUEL be on the label.
JULES HAUEL, 120 Chesnut street.

WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING!!—Unrivaled dark, lovely and beautiful hair [illegible] produced by the use of that popular preparation, RESTORATIVE HAUEL'S EAU LUSTRALE. No one will use any other [illegible] once using this delightful article. It causes the hair to be [illegible] chemistry. It cleans [illegible], and restores the hair where [illegible] bright, smooth and [illegible] it has fallen [illegible] perfectly astonishing—its results are effects if prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by JULES HAUEL, Perfumer and Chemist, 120 Chesnut street, 4th door below Fourth, south side.

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Brown Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for Style, Durability and elegance of Finish can not be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the same shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate supervision. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. ap 29-1y
N. B.—Omnibuses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

This paper contains from one-fourth to one-half more than the generality of Two Dollar Weeklies. The terms are as follows:

1 COPY,		$2.00 PER ANNUM.
4 COPIES,		$6.00 "
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00 "
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00 "
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00 "

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for TEN DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

SIX COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and FOUR of the Ladies' Garland for TEN DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 252 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The Post Office at any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address

DEACON & PETERSON, 66 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Editors copying the above, or who will give a notice of the new firm and enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.

ALMANACS! ALMANACS! ALMANACS!—DR. D. JAYNE would hereby inform the public and MERCHANTS AND STORE-KEEPERS in particular, that he publishes annually, for gratuitous distribution, by himself and all his Agents, an Almanac, called JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH. The calculations for this Almanac are made with great care and accuracy, and for five different Latitudes and Longitudes, so as to make them equally useful as a Calendar in every part of the United States and British North America. They are printed on good paper, and with handsome new type, and are neatly bound, and besides being the neatest and most accurate Calendar printed in the United States, they contain a large amount of valuable information, suited to the wants of all, and of that kind too, which cannot be found in books. His catalogue of diseases, with remarks and directions for their removal is truly invaluable, and make them welcome visiters in every house they enter. Every family should possess at least one of these Annuals. One million of his Almanacs for 1848 have been published and distributed. His Almanac for 1849 is now ready for distribution, of which he designs to publish at least
TWO MILLIONS,
and in order that every family in the United States and British America, may be furnished with a copy, he secretly invites MERCHANTS and STORE-KEEPERS to forward their orders to him as early as possible and they shall be supplied GRATUITOUSLY, with as many copies as they may deem necessary to supply their various customers. They are also invited, at the same time, to send a copy of their "BUSINESS CARD," which will be printed and placed on the covers of the Almanacs sent them, also *without charge*.
Orders (post paid) directed to DR. D. JAYNE, Phila., will meet with prompt attention. jy 1-3m

GENERAL TAYLOR.—Just published by SARTAIN & SLOANAKER, a splendid full length Mezzotint Likeness of General Taylor.
The Philadelphia North American, speaking of the portrait, says—"We think there has at last been published a likeness of Gen. Taylor which gives us a true idea of the gallant soldier. Wm. Sloanaker procured from New Orleans a fine daguerreotype, and John Sartain has engraved it in his finest style. It will be a valuable addition to the portrait gallery of every family, and as the name of old 'Rough and Ready,' will live to all time in our country's annals, a copy of this picture should grace every parlor."
The Philadelphia Inquirer remarks—"The veteran is represented as leaning upon his celebrated warhorse, 'Old Whitey,' and the print throughout is one of the most spirited and graphic that we have ever seen. The engraving is in Sartain's best style. As a parlor ornament, the print is strikingly attractive."
Price for single copies $3 00. A liberal deduction to clubs, associations and the trade when ordered in large numbers. Persons subscribing prior to the 1st of July, will be supplied with proof impressions.
Persons remitting $5, by mail, postage paid, will be entitled to two copies, or for ten dollars four copies. It can be sent by mail without injury when no private opportunity offers.
Address, WM. SLOANAKER,
june 17-tf No. 98 Chesnut street.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and soreness upon touch immediately under the inferior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all, a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough; together with these symptoms, we perceive a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes ulcers in the mouth and throat, and very frequently Jaundice and Dropsy. The symptoms, if permitted to continue, will eventually produce that most baneful disease Consumption—in fact, a majority of such cases originate from the irritating cause before mentioned. Cathartic medicines must in every case be avoided in the treatment.
JAUNDICE is a disease of which the principal symptom is *yellowness of the skin and eyes*, with high colored urine, and clay colored faeces. It arises from various causes; anything which obstructs the bile in its course so that it is taken into the blood, produces the yellowness of surface; in ordinary cases one or two bottles will effectually remove it, and make the skin clear and healthy; at this season such medicine is invaluable, it removes the cause of all fevers, and the danger of contracting the diseases of Summer and Autumn.
THE YELLOW FEVER of warm climates is only a variety of "Jaundice" depending upon irritation of the Gastro-intestinal surface, by the frequent use of these Bitters that disease may always be prevented.
DYSPEPSIA. The symptoms are very various—those affecting the stomach alone are *nausea, heart burn, loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the chest, &c.* The sympathetic affections are very diversified.
NERVOUS DEBILITY. It generally accompanies Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. The symptoms are *fluttering at the heart, a choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.*
All of the above diseases can be effectually cured, as well as Asthma, Diseases of the Kidneys, Flatulence or Pulmonary Diseases arising from the Stomach or Liver, by DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.
They are free from Acids, Quinine, Aloes, Mercury, and all Alcoholic stimulants, all of which are mere palliatives in the above diseases. The success and all the advantage to be derived from the administration of internal medicine depend upon the stomach.
The functions of the stomach are of the utmost importance to every one, it constituting the source and fountain of life, which is nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.
The rare success in treating diseases of the Liver, Stomach, &c., successfully, has not been a want of pathological knowledge of their functions, but the preparation of suitable vegetable Compounds, so as to obtain not only their whole power, but as they would be most effectual and grateful, acting upon all the sympathetic affections as well as the cause or seat of the disease.
These "Bitters" *will remove all acidity, and give tone and action to the most delicate stomach, and will in every case entirely destroy costiveness, and prevent frightful dreams*—they are Entirely Vegetable, and their power over diseases in the Digestive, Biliary, Vascular, Respiratory, and Nervous Systems, is not equalled by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures in this city prove, after the most skilful physicians had failed.
All can be cured who will use them as directed, within the power of medicine.
These "Bitters," and the Spikenard Ointment will cure any case of *Inward Piles*; it is a rare occurrence to require more than one bottle of each for the worst cases.
For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at the principal depot, GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 278 RACE STREET, one door above Eighth, Philadelphia, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States.
They will keep in any climate. march 4-1y

THE WAY TO EARN A FARM.
A GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.
AGENTS WANTED in every County in the United States. A number of Agents, well recommended for *honesty, business and integrity*, may hear of inducements of NO ORDINARY KIND, by addressing the subscribers, POSTAGE PAID. A small capital of from $40 to $100, will be necessary to make a commencement. For particulars, address, postage paid, G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Philadelphia.
NO LETTERS ATTENDED TO UNLESS THE POSTAGE IS PAID. ap 1-tf

OAKFORD'S GREAT HAT, CAP AND FUR ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 104 CHESNUT STREET,
Between THIRD and FOURTH Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
THE Advertiser has constantly on hand and manufacturing, every description of HATS and CAPS, of the latest and most approved fashions, consisting of
YOUTHS' HATS AND CAPS,
In great variety, among which is a new article for *Spring and Summer wear.*
PLAIN HATS FOR FRIENDS,
Made in the best manner and for superiority of finish and material have never been surpassed.
THE SPRING FASHIONS
For Gentlemen's and Youth's Hats, are just out, also a new style of Lady's Riding Caps, to which the attention of purchasers is requested, assuring them that the prices are such as will please all who may favor him with a visit, being as low as are offered at any Establishment in the country. CHAS. OAKFORD,
No. 104 CHESNUT STREET, between Third and Fourth Streets, PHILADELPHIA. mar 4-tf

CHARLES CAMBLOS'
STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,
No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Opposite Congress Hall, Philadelphia.
BANK NOTES BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Drafts on New York, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, &c. Collections made throughout the United States, on the most reasonable terms. Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers. mar 4-tf

CHEAP AND GOOD WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE, Wholesale and Retail, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND Street, corner of QUARRY, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases,	$30 and over
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	16 "
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled,	11 "
Silver Quartier Watches,	$5 to 10
Gold Pencils,	$1 50 to $7 00
Fine Gold Rings,	37½ cents to $80

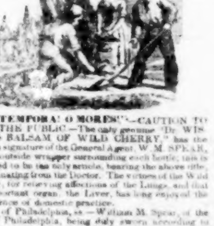
Silver Spoons, equal to coin, per set—Teas $5, Desert $10, Table $15.
Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25.
Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.
Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Gold Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of M. J. Tobias & Co., E. Simpson, Samuell & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements which will be cased any style desired.
Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested.
O. CONRAD,
jan 29-6ly No. 96 North SECOND Street, Importer of Watches.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS A VERY SUPERIOR assortment of goods in the above line, to which he would invite the attention of the public. His facilities for procuring his watches, &c., are such as to enable him to retail as low as some of the so called cheap stores pay at wholesale. Instead of buying on time, his practice is to purchase at nett cash, whereby a large discount is saved. The public may be assured that all articles sold by him will prove to be what they are sold for, or they may be returned. The price always being governed by the quality.

Watches		
Gold Lever, full jewelled, 18 carat cases,	from	$35 00 to 100 00
" Lepine "	from	25 00 to 40 00
Silver Levers,	from	17 00 to 35 00
Plain and Lepine,	from	6 00 to 14 00

Jewelry of his own manufacture, of every variety, and fine Gold Pencils from $1 25 to 12 00. Gold Pens from $1 00 upwards. Gold Chains, Bracelets, Pins, Rings, Miniature frames, &c., of the finest quality and lowest prices.
Silver Ware of every description. The attention of the public is particularly invited to this articles—consisting in part of Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, &c. Teaspoons as low as $4.50 per set. The subscriber takes especial care to have all his Silver Ware made exclusively of standard silver. Cake Baskets, Castors, Britania Ware, &c., of the latest patterns and finest finish. S. M. HOPPER,
No. 60 Chesnut street, between Second
june 3-ly and Third, (south side) Phila.

OLD FRANKLIN HALL.—We know of no better way of benefiting our numerous subscribers than by calling their attention to the CHEAP and mammoth stock of CLOTHING at No. 109 Chesnut street, corner of Franklin Place. This very large stock consists of every style and quality, while the prices are far below those of any other store in the city. Their motto is quick sales and small profits. By this means they have outstripped all others in the quantity of Clothing they have sold, [illegible] good and cheap, do not neglect calling on
ROCKHILL & WILSON'S
No. 109 Chesnut St., corner of Franklin Place.
N. B. Country merchants and strangers visiting the city will please call and examine. ap 29-1y



"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The only genuine "DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY," has the written signature of the General Agent, W. M. SPEAR, on the outside wrapper surrounding each bottle; this is believed to be the only article, bearing the above title, as emanating from the Doctor. The virtues of the Wild Cherry, for relieving affections of the Lungs, and that all-important organ, the Liver, has long enjoyed the confidence of domestic practice.
City of Philadelphia, ss.—William M. Spear, of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original recipe for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry for affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated Physician, and that he believes it to be the only one in possession of any person except the said Dr. Wistar himself.
W. M. SPEAR.
Sworn and subscribed before me, and city seal affixed, on the 1st day of November, A. D. 1847.
[L. S.] JOHN SWIFT, Mayor.
A copyright of the Balsam is secured.
Absurd as it may appear in the face of the above undeniable proof, an individual from Boston, Massachusetts, recently applied to the United States District Court of Pennsylvania, for an injunction on the general Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, to prevent said Agent from selling the only genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, said individual claiming the right. Of course the Hon. Judge of said Court promptly refused it.
The Balsam is not one of the quack nostrums of the day, claiming to cure persons whose cases are beyond the reach of medicine; for restoring others to life, it only claims, and has proved in thousands of cases, to be the first, most efficacious, and only genuine preparation of Wild Cherry of the nineteenth century, for affections of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, frequently terminating in Consumption, ever offered to the public.
A liberal discount to Druggists and Country Dealers.
Look well to the marks of the genuine.
NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
I have this day appointed T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 132 North Second St., Philadelphia, Wholesale Furnishing Agents, for the only genuine DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, for the following States, viz: New York, New England States, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.
Also, for the interior of Pennsylvania. All orders for the Balsam will hereafter be addressed to them.
Also for sale, wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM M. SPEAR, No. 140 VINE Street, below Fifth, Philadelphia. General Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, for the only genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.
WM. M. SPEAR.
Philadelphia, March 27th, 1848.
AGENTS.
CUTHBERT & WETHERILL, 76 South Second Street.
WETHERILL & BROTHERS, N. E. corner of Front and Arch Streets.
G. B. ZIEBER & CO., 3 Ledger Building.
J. & W. PENFOLD & CO., New York.
A. McCLURE & CO., DR. HERRICK & CO., Albany, N. Y.
JNO. F. PRESCOTT, Troy, N. Y.
CHAS. DYER, Jr., Providence, R. I.
REDDING & CO., MRS. E. KIDDER, JAMES GREEN, Boston, Mass.
D. SCOTT, Jr. & CO., Worcester, Mass.
H. & J. BREWER, Springfield, Mass.
G. W. WELCH & CO., Hartford, Ct.
J. GISH & CO., Lancaster, Pa.
DR. A. H. BARNITZ, York, Pa.
REYNOLDS & CO., Lexington, N. C.
JNO. L. KIDWELL, Georgetown, D. C.
ALEX. DUVAL, Richmond, Va.
Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5. ap 29-1y

THE CHEAP BOOKSTORE.
DANIELS & SMITH, *Corner of Fourth and Arch Sts., Phila.*, keep constantly for sale one of the most extensive assortments of useful Books in the city, and they buy most of their stock at auction. They sell a great number of Books at *Half Price*, and all below the "*Regular Prices.*" Our stock is composed of Old and New Books in Theology, (which department receives particular attention and embraces many rare works,) History, Biography, Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural Science, Poetry, Polite Literature, the Fine Arts, Travel, Political Science, Law, Medicine, Mathematics, (with Instruments, &c., &c., &c.,) including Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish and Italian Books, together with a very complete assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONARY at prices which cannot fail to prove satisfactory to TEACHERS AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS. Small Profits and Cash Sales is our motto.
Second hand Books bought and exchanged.
Books imported to order from London and Paris.

REMOVAL.
E. G. A. BAKER, MANUFACTURER OF JEWELLERY,
HAS Removed from No. 7 Cherry Street, to No. 57 NORTH FOURTH, corner of Branch Street, where dealers in Jewellery will find constantly on hand and manufacturing a general assortment of Jewellery, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.
A GOOD CHANCE TO CLEAR FROM $500 TO $1000 A YEAR.
AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY THROUGHOUT THE UNION, to procure Subscribers to "SEARS' PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE," and to sell SEARS' NEW AND POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS, universally acknowledged to be the BEST and CHEAPEST EVER PUBLISHED, as they certainly are the most saleable. Any active agent may clear $500 or $1000 a year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter. The postage must in all cases be paid. Please to address,
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
No. 128 Nassau street, New York.
Specimen copies of the PICTORIAL MAGAZINE, to procure subscribers with, will be furnished to all who wish to engage in its circulation, if remitted, (post-paid,) at the rate of Ten Nos. for One Dollar, Ten Cents for single copies.

T. B. PETERSON'S GREAT CHEAP BOOK, MAGAZINE, NEWSPAPER, PERIODICAL and PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, at which place any of the Magazines or Cheap Publications printed can always be obtained, or subscribed for. Particular attention paid to filling all orders for the country trade.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Streets, Philadelphia. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.
Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.
JOHN R. CHAMBERS & CO.
Successors to ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.
nov 18-1y

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

RESOLVES.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

I have said I would not meet him; have I said the words in vain?
Sunset turns along the hill-tops, and I'm waiting here again.
But my promise is not broken, though I stand where once we met;
When I hear his coming footsteps, I can fly him even yet.

We have stood here oft when evening deepened slowly o'er the plain,
But I must not, dare not, meet him in the shadows here again;
For I could not turn away and leave that pleading look and tone,
And the sorrow of his parting would be bitter as my own.

In the dim and distant ether the first star is shining through,
And another, and another! trembles softly in the blue:
Should I linger but one moment in the shadows where I stand,
I shall see the vine-leaves parted, with a quick, impatient hand.

But I will not wait his coming! he will surely come once more;
Though I said I would not meet him, I have told him so before;
And he knows the stars of evening see me standing here again—
Oh, he surely will not leave me now to watch and wait in vain!

'Tis the hour, the time of meeting! in one moment 'twill be past;
And last night he stood beside me; was that blessed time the last?
I could better bear my sorrow, could I live that parting o'er;
Oh, I wish I had not told him that I would not come once more!

Could that have been the night-wind moved the branches thus apart?
Did I hear a coming footstep, or the beating of my heart?
No! I hear him, I can see him, and my weak resolves are vain;
I will fly, but to his bosom, and to leave it not again!

THE LONELY HEART.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

They tell me I am happy—and I try to think it true;
They say I have no cause to weep, my sorrows are so few;
That in the wilderness we tread, mine is a favor'd lot;
My petty griefs all fantasies, would I but heed them not.

It may be so; the cup of life has many a bitter draught,
Which those who drink with silent lips have smiled on while they quaffed.
It may be so; I cannot tell what others have to bear,
But sorry should I be to give another heart my share.

They bid me to the festive board, I go a smiling guest,
Their laughter and their revelry are torture to my breast;
They call for music, and there comes some old familiar strain;
I dash away the starting tear, then turn—and smile again.

But oh! my heart is wandering back to my father's home,
Back to my sisters at their play, the meadows in their bloom.
The blackbird on the scented thorn, the murmuring of the stream,
The sounds upon the evening breeze, like voices in a dream:

The watchful eyes that never more shall gaze upon my brow
The smiles—oh! cease that melody, I cannot bear it now!
And heed not when the stranger sighs, nor mark the tears that start,
There can be no companionship for loneliness of heart!

Selected Tale.

FROM THE UNION MAGAZINE.

HOME AND POLITICS.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

At the bend of a pleasant winding road, under the shade of a large elm, stood a small school-house. It was a humble building; and the little belfry on the top seemed hardly large enough for the motions of the cow-bell suspended there. But it was a picturesque feature in the landscape. The elm drooped over it with uncommon gracefulness, and almost touched the belfry with its light foliage. The weather-beaten moss-grown shingles were a relief to the eye of the traveller, weary of prim staring white houses. Moreover, a human soul had inscribed on the little place a pastoral poem in vines and flowers. A white rose bush covered half one side, and carried its offering of blossoms up to the little bell. Cypress vines were trained to meet over the door, in a Gothic arch, surmounted by a Cross. On the western side the window was shaded with a profusion of Morning Glories, and a great rock, that jutted out into the road, was thickly strewn with Iceland Moss, which in the Spring-time covered it with a carpet of yellow stars.

It was at that season it was first seen by George Franklin, a young New York lawyer, on a visit to the country. He walked slowly past, gazing at the noble elm slightly waving its young foliage to a gentle breeze. Just then, out poured a flock of children of various ages. Jumping and laughing they joined hands and formed a circle round the elm. A clear voice was heard within the school house, singing a lively tune, while measured strokes on some instrument of tin marked the time. The little band whirled round the tree, stepping to the music with the rude grace of childhood and joy. After ten or fifteen minutes of this healthy exercise, they stopped, apparently in obedience to some signal. Half of them held their hands aloft, and formed arches for the other half to jump through. Then they described swift circles with their arms, and leaped high in the air. Having gone through their simple code of gymnastics, away they scampered, to seek pleasure after their own fashion, till summoned to their books again. Some of them bowed and courtesied to the traveller, as they passed; while others, with arms round each other's necks, went hopping along, first on one foot, then on the other, too busy to do any more than nod and smile as they went by. Many of them wore patched garments, but hands and faces were all clean. Some had a stolid, animal look; but even these seemed to sun their cold nature in the rays of beauty and freedom which they found only at school. The whole scene impressed the young man very vividly. He asked himself why it could not be always thus, in the family, in the school, everywhere. Why need man forever be a blot on Nature? Why must he be coarse and squalid, and gross and heavy, while Nature is ever radiant with fresh beauty, and joyful with her overplus of life? Then came saddening thoughts how other influences of life, coarse parents, selfish employers, and the hard struggle for daily bread, would overshadow the genial influences of that pleasant school, which for a few months gilded the lives of those little ones.

When he repassed the spot some hours after, all was still, save the occasional twittering of birds in the tree. It was sunset, and a bright farewell gleam shone across the moss-carpet on the rock, and made the little flowers in the garden smile. When he returned to the city, the scene often rose before his mind as a lovely picture, and he longed for the artist's skill to re-produce it visibly in its rustic beauty. When he again visited the country after midsummer, he remembered the little old school-house, and one of his earliest excursions was a walk in that direction. A profusion of crimson stars, and white stars, now peeped out, from the fringed foliage of the Cypress vines, and the little front yard was one bed of blossoms. He leaned over the gate and observed how neatly every plant was trained, as if some loving hand tended them carefully every day. He listened, but could hear no voices; and curiosity impelled him to see how the little building looked within. He lifted the latch, peeped in, and saw that the room was empty. The rude benches and the white-washed walls were perfectly clean. The windows were open on both sides, and the air was redolent with the balmy breath of mignonette. On the teacher's desk was a small vase, of Grecian pattern, containing a few flowers tastefully arranged. Some books lay beside it, and one had an ivory folder between the leaves, as if recently used. It was Bettine's Letters to Gunderode; and, where it opened at the ivory folder, he read these lines, enclosed in pencil marks: "All that I see done to children is unjust. Magnanimity, confidence, free-will, are not given to the nourishment of their souls. A slavish yoke is put upon them. The living impulse, full of buds, is not esteemed. No outlet will they give for Nature to reach the light. Rather must a net be woven, in which each mesh is a prejudice. Had not a child a world within, where could he take refuge from the deluge of folly that is poured over the budding meadow-carpet? Reverence have I before the destiny of each child, shut up in so sweet a bud. One feels reverence at touching a young bud, which the Spring is swelling."

The young man smiled with pleased surprise, for he had not expected to find appreciation of such sentiments in the teacher of a secluded country school. He took up a volume of Mary Howitt's Birds and Flowers, and saw the name of Alice White written in it. On all blank spaces were fastened delicate young fern leaves, and small bits of prettily tinted moss. He glanced at the low ceiling, and the rude benches. "This seems not too appropriate temple for such a spirit," thought he. "But, after all, what consequence is that, since such spirits find temples everywhere?" He took a pencil from his pocket, and marked in Bettine's Letters: "Thou hast feeling for the every-day life of nature. Dawn, noon-tide and evening clouds are thy dear companions, with whom thou dost converse when no one is abroad with thee. Let me be thy scholar in simplicity."

He wrote his initials on the page. "Perhaps I shall never see this young teacher," thought he; "but it will be a little mystery in her unexciting life to conjecture what curious eye has been peeping into her books." Then he queried with himself, "How do I know she is a young teacher?"

He stood leaning against the window, looking on the beds of flowers, and the vine leaves brushed his hair, as the breeze played with them. They seemed to say that a young heart planted them. He remembered the clear, feminine voice he had heard humming the dancing-tune in the Spring time. He thought of the mosses and ferns in the book.

"Oh, yes, she *must* be young and beautiful," thought he. "She cannot be otherwise than beautiful with such tastes." He stood for some moments in half dreaming reverie. Then a broad smile went over his face. He was making fun of himself. "What consequence is it to me whether she be either beautiful or young?" said he, inwardly. "I must be hungry for an adventure to indulge so much curiosity about a country school-mistress."

The smile was still on his face, when he heard a light step, and Alice White stood before him. She blushed to see a stranger in her little sanctuary, and he blushed at the awkwardness of his situation. He apologized by saying, that the beauty of the little garden, and the tasteful arrangement of the vines, had attracted his attention, and, perceiving that the school-house was empty, he had taken the liberty to enter. She readily forgave the intrusion, and said she was glad if the humble little spot refreshed the eyes of those who passed by, for it had given her great pleasure to cultivate it. The young man was disappointed, for she was not at all like the picture his imagination had painted. But the tones of her voice were flexible, and there was something pleasing in her quiet but timid manner. Not knowing what to say, he bowed and took leave.

Several days after, when his rural visit was drawing to a close, he felt the need of a long walk, and a pleasant vision of the winding road and the little school-house rose before him. He did not even think of Alice White. He was ambitious, and had well nigh resolved never to marry, except to advance his fortunes. He admitted to himself that grace and beauty might easily bewitch him, and turn him from his prudent purpose. But the poor country teacher was not beautiful, either in face or figure. He had no thought of her. But to vary his route somewhat, he passed through the woods, and there he found her gathering mosses by a little brook. She recognized him, and he stopped to help her gather mosses. Then it happened that they fell into a discourse together; and the more he listened, the more he was surprised to find so rare a jewel in so plain a setting. Her thoughts were so fresh, and were so simply said! And now he noticed a deep expression in her eye, imparting a more elevated beauty than is ever derived from form or color. He could not define it to himself, still less to others; but she charmed him. He lingered by her side, and when they parted at the school-house gate, he was half in hopes she would invite him to enter. "I expect to visit this town again in the Autumn," he said. "May I hope to find you at the little school-house?"

She did not say whether *he* might hope to find her there; but she answered with a smile, "I am always here. I have adopted it for my home, and tried to make it a pleasant one, since I have no other."

All the way home his thoughts were occupied with her; and the memory of her simple, pleasant ways, often recurred to him amid the noises of the city. He would easily have forgotten her in that stage of their acquaintance, had any beautiful heiress happened to cross his path; for though his nature was kindly, and had a touch of romance, ambition was the predominant trait in his character. But it chanced that no woman attracted him very powerfully, before he again found himself on the winding road where stood the picturesque little school-house. Then came frequent walks and confidential interviews, which revealed more loveliness of mind and character than he had previously supposed. Alice was one of those peculiar persons whose history sets at naught all theories. Her parents had been illiterate, and coarse in manners, but she was gentle and refined. They were utterly devoid of imagination, and she saw everything in the sunshine of poetry. "Who is the child like? Where did she get her queer notions?" were questions they could never answer. They died when she was fourteen; and she, unaided and unadvised, went into a factory to earn money to educate herself. Alternately at the factory and at school, she passed four years. Thanks to her notable mother, she was quick and skilful with her needle, and knew wonderfully well how to make the most of small means. She travelled long unnoticed through the by-paths of life, rejoicing in birds and flowers and little children, and finding sufficient stimulus to constant industry in the love of serving others, and the prospect of now and then a pretty vase, or some agreeable book. First, affectionate communion, then beauty and order, were the great attractions to her soul. Hence, she longed inexpressibly for a home, and was always striving to realize her ideal in such humble imitations as the little school-house. The family where she boarded often disputed with each other, and, being of rude natures, not all Alice's unassuming and obliging ways could quite atone to them for her native superiority. In the solitude of the little school-house she sought refuge from things that wounded her. There she spent most of the hours of her life, and found peace on the bosom of nature. Poor, and without personal beauty, she never dreamed that domestic love, at all resembling the pattern in her own mind, was a blessing she could ever realize. Scarcely had the surface of her heart been tremulous with ever passing excitement on the subject, till the day she gathered mosses in the wood with George Franklin. When he looked into her eyes, to ascertain what their depth expressed, she was troubled by the earnestness of his glance. Habitually humble, she did not venture to indulge the idea that she could ever be beloved by him. But when he thought of his promised visit in Autumn, fair visions sometimes floated before her, of how pleasant life would be in a tasteful little home, with an intelligent companion. Always it was a *little* home. None of her ideas partook of grandeur. She was a pastoral poet, not an epic.

George did come, and they had many pleasant walks in beautiful October, and crowned each other with garlands of bright autumnal leaves. Their parting betrayed mutual affection; and soon after George wrote to her thus: "I frankly acknowledge to you that I am ambitious, and had fully resolved never to marry a poor girl. But I love you so well, I have no choice left. And now, in the beautiful light that dawns upon me, I see how mean and selfish was that resolution, and how impolitic withal. For is it not happiness we all seek? And how happy it will make me to fulfil your long-cherished dream of a tasteful home! I cannot help receiving from you more than I can give; for your nature is richer than mine. But I believe, dearest, it is always more blessed to give than to receive; and when two think so of each other, what more need of Heaven?

"I am no flatterer, and I tell you frankly I was disappointed when I first saw you. Unconsciously to myself, I had fallen in love with your soul. The transcript of it which I saw in the vines and the flowers attracted me first; then a revelation of it from the marked book, the mosses and the ferns. I imagined you *must* be beautiful; and when I saw you were not, I did not suppose I should ever think of you more. But when I heard you talk, your soul attracted me irresistibly again, and I wondered I ever thought you otherwise than beautiful. Rarely is a beautiful soul shrined within a beautiful body. But loveliness of soul has one great advantage over its frail envelope, it need decrease with time, but ought rather to increase.

"Of one thing rest assured, Dear Alice, it is now impossible for me ever to love another as I love you."

When she read this letter, it seemed to her as if she were in a delightful dream. Was it indeed possible that the love of an intelligent, cultivated soul was offered to her, the poor unfriended one? How marvellous it seemed, that when she was least expecting such a blossom from Paradise, a stranger came and laid it in the open book upon her desk, in that little school-house, where she had toiled with patient humility through so many weary years! She kissed the dear letter again and again; she kissed the initials he had written in the book before he had seen her. She knelt down, and, weeping, thanked God that the great hunger of her heart for a happy home was now to be satisfied. But when she re-read the letter in calmer mood, the [illegible] of her nature made her shrink from the proffered bliss. He said he was ambitious. Would he not repent marrying a poor girl, without beauty, and without social influence of any kind? Might he not find her soul far less lovely than he deemed it? Under the influence of these fears, she answered him: "How happy your precious letter made me, I dare not say. My heart is like a garden when the morning sun shines on it, after a long cold storm. Ever since the day we gathered mosses in the wood, you have seemed so like the fairest dream of my life, that I could not help loving you, though I had no hope of being beloved in return. Even now I fear that you are acting under a temporary delusion, and that hereafter you may repent your choice. Wait long, and observe my faults. I will try not to conceal any of them from you. Seek the society of other women. You will find so many superior to me, in all respects. Do not fear to give me pain by any change in your feelings. I love you with that disinterested love which would rejoice in your best happiness, though it should lead you away from me."

This letter did not lower his estimate of the beauty of her soul. He complied with her request to cultivate the acquaintance of other women. He saw many more beautiful, more graceful, more accomplished, and of higher intellectual cultivation; but none of them seemed so charmingly simple and true as Alice White. "Do not talk to me any more about a change in my feelings," he said, "I like your principles, I like your disposition, I like your thoughts, I like your ways; and I always shall like them." Thus assured, Alice joyfully dismissed her fears, and became his wife.

Rich beyond comparison is a man who is loved by an intelligent woman, so full of home-affections! Especially if she has learned humility, and gained strength, in the school of early hardship and privation. But it is only beautiful souls who learn such lessons in adversity. In lower natures it engenders discontent and envy, which change to pride and extravagance in the hour of prosperity. Alice had always been made happy by the simplest means; and now, though her husband's income was a moderate one, her intuitive taste and capable fingers made his home a little bower of beauty. She seemed happy as a bird in her cozy nest; and so grateful, that George said, half in jest, half in earnest, he believed women loved their husbands as the only means society left them of procuring homes over which to preside. There was some truth in the remark; but it pained her sensitive and affectionate nature, because it intruded upon her the idea of selfishness mingled with her love. Thenceforth, she said less about the external blessings of a home; but in her inmost soul she enjoyed it, like an earthly heaven. And George seemed to enjoy it almost as much as herself. Again and again he said he had never dreamed domestic companionship was so rich a blessing. His wife, though far less educated than himself, had a nature capable of the highest cultivation. She was always an intelligent listener; and her quick intuitions often understood far more than he had expressed or thought. Poor as she was, she had brought better furniture for his home than mahogany chairs and marble tables.

Smoothly glided a year away, when a little daughter came into the domestic circle, like a flower brought by angels. George had often laughed at the credulous fondness of other parents, but he really thought his child was the most beautiful one he had ever seen. In the countenance and movements he discovered all manner of rare gifts. He was sure she had an eye for color, an eye for form, and an ear for music. She had her mother's deep eye, and would surely inherit her quick perceptions, her loving heart, and her earnestness of thought. His whole soul seemed bound up in her existence. Scarcely the mother herself was more devoted to all her infant wants and pleasures. Thus happy were they, with their simple treasures of love and thought, when in evil hour a disturbing influence crossed their threshold. It came in the form of political excitement; that pestilence which is forever racing through our land, seeking whom it may devour; destroying happy homes; turning aside our intellectual strength from the calm and healthy pursuits of literature or science, blinding consciences, embittering hearts, rasping the tempers of men, and blighting half the talent of our country with its feverish breath.

At that time, our citizens were much excited for and against the election of General Harrison. George Franklin threw himself into the melee with firm and honest conviction that the welfare of the country depended on his election. But the superior and inferior natures of men are forever mingling in all his thoughts and actions; and this generous ardor for the nation's good, gradually opened into a perspective of flattering prospects for himself. By the study and industry of years, he had laid a solid foundation in his profession, and every year brought some increase of income and influence. But he had the American impatience of slow growth. Distinguished in some way he had always wished to be; and no avenue to the desired object seemed so short as the political race-course. A neighbor, whose temperament was peculiarly prone to these excitements, came in often and invited him to clubs and meetings. When Alice was seated at her evening work, with the hope of passing one of their old pleasant evenings, she had a nervous dread of hearing the door bell, lest this man should enter. It was not that she expected or wished her husband to sacrifice ambition and enterprise, and views of patriotic duty, to her quiet habits. But the excitement seemed an unhealthy one. He lived in a species of mental intoxication. He talked louder than formerly, and doubled his fists in the vehemence of gesticulation. He was restless for newspapers, and watched the arrival of mails, as he would once have watched over the life of his child. All calm pleasures became tame and insipid. He was more and more away from home, and staid late in the night. Alice at first sat up to wait for him, but finding that not conducive to the comfort of their child, she gradually formed the habit of retiring to rest before his return. She was always careful to leave a comfortable arrangement of the fire, with his slippers in a warm place, and some slight refreshment prettily laid out on the table. The first time he came home and saw these silent preparations, instead of the affectionate face that usually greeted him, it made him very sad. The rustic school-house, with its small belfry, and its bright little garden-plat, rose up in the perspective of memory, and he retraced one by one all the incidents of their love. Fair and serene came those angels of life out of the paradise of the past. They smiled upon him and asked, "Are there any like us in the troubled path you have now chosen?" With these retrospections came some self-reproaches concerning little kind attentions forgotten, and professional duties neglected, under the influence of political excitement. He spoke to Alice with unusual tenderness that night, and voluntarily promised that when this election was fairly over, he would withdraw from active participation in politics. But this feeling soon passed away. The nearer the result of the election approached, the more intensely was his whole being absorbed in it. One morning, when he was reading the newspaper, little Alice fretted and cried. He said, impatiently, "I wish you would carry that child away. Her noise disturbs me."

Tears came to the mother's eyes, as she answered, "She is not well; poor little thing! She has taken cold."

"I am sorry for that," he replied, and hurried to go out and exult with his neighbor concerning the political tidings.

At night, the child was unusually peevish and restless. She toddled up to her father's knees, and cried for him to rock her to sleep. He had just taken her in his arms, and laid her little head upon his bosom, when the neighbor came for him to go to a political supper. He said the mails that night must bring news that would decide the question. The company would wait for their arrival, and then have a jubilee in honor of Harrison's success. The child cried and screamed, when George put her away into the mother's arms; and he said sternly, "Naughty girl! Father don't love her when she cries."

"She is not well," replied the mother, with a trembling voice, and hurried out of the room.

It was two o'clock in the morning before George returned; but late as it was, his wife was sitting by the fire. "Hurrah for the old coon!" he exclaimed. "Harrison is elected!"

She threw herself on his bosom, and bursting into tears, sobbed out, "Oh, hush, hush, dear George! Our little Alice is dead!" Dead! and the last words he had spoken to his darling had been unkind. What would he not have given to recall them now? And his poor wife had passed through that agony without aid or consolation from him, alone in the silent midnight. A terrible weight oppressed his heart. He sank into a chair, drew the dear suffer to his bosom, and wept aloud.

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This great misfortune sadly dimmed the glory of his eagerly-anticipated political triumph. When the tumult of grief subsided, he reviewed the events of his life, and weighed them in a balance. More and more he doubted whether it were wise to leave the slow certainties of his profession, for chances which had in them the excitement and the risks of gambling. More and more seriously he questioned whether the absorption of his faculties in the keen conflicts of the hour, was the best way to serve the true interests of his country. It is uncertain how the balance would have turned, had he not received an appointment to office under the new government. Perhaps the sudden fall of the triumphal arch, occasioned by the death of General Harrison, might have given him a lasting distaste for politics, as it did many others. But the proffered income was more than double the sum he had ever received from his profession. Dazzled by this prospect, he did not sufficiently take into the account that it would necessarily involve him in many additional expenses, political and social, and that he might lose it by the very next turn of the wheel, without being able to return easily to his old habits of expenditure. Once in office, the conviction that he was on the right side combined with gratitude and self-interest to make him serve his party with money and personal influence. The question of another election was soon agitated, and these motives drove him into the new excitement. He was kind at home, but he spent little time there. He sometimes smiled when he came in late, and saw the warm slippers by the fire, and a vase of flowers crowning his supper on the table; but he did not think how lonely Alice must be, nor could he possibly dream what she was suffering in the slow martyrdom of her heart. He gave dinners and suppers often. Strangers went and came—they ate, and drank, and smoked, and talked loud. He was polite and attentive; but they had nothing for her, and she had nothing for them. How out of place would have been her little songs and her fragrant flowers, amid their clamor and tobacco-smoke! She was a pastoral poet living in a perpetual battle.

The house was filled with visitors to see the long Whig procession pass by; the [illegible] horses, gay banners, flowers richly caparisoned, promises of protection to everything, [illegible] bowed from his chariot, and touched his hat to George as he passed with the throng, and she waved her handkerchief. "How beautiful! How magnificent!" exclaimed a visitor, who stood by her.—"Clay will certainly be elected. The whole city seems to be in the procession. Sailors, printers, firemen, everything."

"There are no women and children," replied Alice; and she turned away with a sigh. The only protection that interested her, was a protection for homes.

Soon after came the evening procession of Democrats. The army of banners; temples of Liberty, with figures in women's dress, to represent the goddess; malcontents hung, and guillotined, and [illegible] by effigy; [illegible] where glimmering over their heads, the whole shadowy mass occasionally illuminated by the rush of fire-works, and the fitful glare of lurid torches; all this made a strange and wild impression on the mind of Alice, whose nervous system had suffered in the painful internal conflicts of her life. It reminded her of the memorable 10th of August in Paris; and she had visions of human heads, raised on poles before the windows, as they had been before the Palace of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Visitors observed their watches, and said it took this procession an hour longer to pass than it had for the Whig procession. "I guess Polk will beat, after all," said one. George was angry, and combatted the opinion vehemently. Even after the company had all gone, and the street noises had long passed off in the distance, he continued remarkably moody and irritable. He had more cause for it than his wife was aware of. She supposed the worst that could happen would be defeat of his party and loss of office. But antagonists, long accustomed to calculate political games with a view to gambling, had dared him to bet on the election, being perfectly aware of his sanguine temperament; and George, stimulated solely by a wish to prove to the crowd, who heard them, that he considered the success of Clay's party certain, allowed himself to be drawn into the snare, to a ruinous extent. All his worldly possessions, even his watch, his books, and his household furniture, were at stake; and ultimately all were lost. Alice sympathised with his deep dejection, tried to forget her own sorrows, and said it would be easy for her to assist him, she was so accustomed to earn her own living.

On their wedding day, George had given her a landscape of the rustic school-house, embowered in vines, and shaded by its graceful elm. He asked to have this reserved from the wreck, and stated the reason. No one had the heart to refuse it; for even amid the mad excitement of party triumph, everybody said, "I pity his poor wife."

She left her cherished home before the final breaking up. It would have been too much for her womanly heart, to see those beloved household gods carried away to the auction room. She lingered long by the astral lamp, and the little round table, where she and George used to read to each other, in the first happy year of their marriage. She did not weep. It would have been well if she could. She took with her the little vase, that used to stand on the desk in the old country school-house, and a curious Wedgewood pitcher George had given her on the day little Alice was born. She did not show them to him, it would make him so sad. He was tender and self-reproachful; and she tried to be very strong, that she might sustain him. But health had suffered in these storms, and her organization fitted her only for one mission in this world; that was, to make and adorn a home. Through hard and lonely years she had longed for it. She had gained it, and thanked God with the joyfulness of a happy heart. And now her vocation was gone.

In a few days, hers was pronounced a case of melancholy insanity. She was placed in the hospital, where her husband strives to surround her with everything to heal the wounded soul. But she does not know him. When he visits her, she looks at him with strange eyes, and still clinging to the fond ideal of her life, she repeats mournfully, "I want my home. Why don't George come and take me home?"

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Thus left adrift on the dark ocean of life, George Franklin hesitated whether to trust the chances of politics for another office, or to start again in his profession, and slowly rebuild his shattered fortunes from the ruins of the past. Having wisely determined in favor of the latter, he works diligently and lives economically, cheered by the hope that reason will again dawn in the beautiful soul that loved him so truly.

His case may seem like an extreme one; but in truth he is only one of a thousand similar wrecks continually floating over the turbulent sea of American politics.

Wit and Humor.

A VIRGINIA "ABSTRACTIONIST."

There was a certain Mr. N., in Virginia, who was extravagantly fond of fishing, and of course he often indulged, as there was a delightful shady mill-pond very convenient, which was noted for its fine jack (pike.) One morning, having obtained his breakfast rather earlier than usual, with a snack for meridian, and his tackle in unusual good order, he set off for Fox Neck Mill-pond, where he arrived in good time. Dace are an excellent bait.—Frogs are pretty good. But N. preferred frogs, as they live longer after having been pierced with a hook. So he stuck on the frog and threw in, and took his seat, ready for a good bite. He sat patiently for hours, until 12 o'clock came, when he pulled out the ash-cake and "fat middling," and cut it in for a hearty meal. While he was quietly cogitating in his mind about what had become of the jack that were usually so plenty, he espied a fine bullfrog sitting on a stump opposite him, looking intently upon this regular visitant of his native element. N. thought, may be the frog knows me, and he thought he recollected the frog's features; but, being discouraged at not having had a bite during the entire morning, he pulled up hook, and with it came the self same frog that he had baited his hook with in the morning, and the same whose features seemed so familiar to him while on the stump!—*New York Spirit of the Times.*

Arguing from Scripture.—There is no practice more reprehensible than arguing from passages of Scripture, when those passages are obscure in their meaning, or doubtful in their application. It is even worse, where, as is frequently the case, the passage is wilfully perverted by quoting only a part of it. We once saw a quiet Friend reprove a captious disputant for thus misrepresenting Scripture. It was in a public discussion, where the speaker had endeavored to prove his position by quoting portions of different pages, and so adroitly had he worked them into his argument, that his hearers began to yield assent to his opinion. At this point our quiet Quaker arose. "The friend on the other side of the house," he said, "has labored to prop up his cause by mangled extracts from the New Testament. Let us make an argument in his own way, and I will address it to him! There is one passage where it says, 'And Judas went out and hanged himself.' There is another, 'Go thou and do likewise.' There is a third, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' And yet will the friend say he ought to commit suicide?" There was a burst of laughter, and the Quaker gained his cause by acclamation.

A Declaration of Principles.—A North Carolina political editor, who is determined that his readers shall not "go it blind," has published a declaration of the principles that he intends to support. They are as follows:

The cash for old debts, and good security for new ones.

Plenty in the meal gum, and "sugar in the gourd."

The right of every white boy and girl in the State to an Education—also to four dollars in money and a pair of new shoes.

An equal distribution of Rain; and no death amongst the pine trees.

Twelve dollars and fifty cents for Cotton, eighty cents cash for Corn—Wheat and Oats in proportion.

Shad in the Pee Dee, and "Big Blues" on the Catawba.

The right of the white men and women in the State, who pay their Taxes, to take a Sheriff's receipt for the same.

A Hog in every man's Pot, and new Breeches to all who need them.

The Dark Side of Matrimony.—Lately a slave in the West Indies, who had been married to another slave by one of the Missionaries, at the end of three weeks brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desired him to take her again. The clergyman asked what was the matter with her?

"Why, massa, she no good. The book says she obey me. She no wash my clothes. She no do what I want her to do."

The Minister: "But the book says you were to take her for better or for worse."

"Yes massa, but she all worse and no better. She am too much worse and no good at all."

One of the Upper Ten.—"Would you believe it, Aunt?" exclaimed a pale faced young lady of the "upper ten," "would you believe it? Uncle Solomon tells me that the young ladies out West actually speak to the tradesmen and shopkeepers. They must be badly in want of society, mustn't they?" "They are as badly off for society, my dear, as your father was when he pulled radishes and asparagus for a living, and your mother sold them in the old Fly Market; ha, ha, society, humph!" Miss Polly Dolly Adeline fainted.

Not Lost.—"Samivel, my darling little sonny," says the good mother, "I've not seen your book for several days or more—where is it?"

"I knows where it is."

"Well, where?"

"Why, its only lost, a little—kinder—in the house down cellar, in the barn, or round out doors, summers, I guess; pr'aps up garret, or ahind the wood-pile."

Sympathy.—A good Deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question,—

"Are you willing to go, my friend?"

"Yes," said the sick man, "I am."

"I am glad," said the simple-minded Deacon, "I am glad, for all the neighbors are willing."

A Clean Conscience.—[illegible] following account of [illegible] Howe gives the man:—"The fellow was [illegible], an Irishman fond of a can of grog, yet never [illegible] little too [illegible] this prayer every night as he went to [illegible]:—'I never murdered any man, and [illegible] ever murdered me. So, God bless all mankind.'"

Selected Articles.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

It is a trite, but at the same time, true remark, that the real incidents of life constantly occurring around us, possess a far more romantic interest than the fanciful ones conceived in the teeming brain of the novelist. Of this the following o'er true tale, told us in brief by the steward of the packet-boat Louisiana, on Saturday, will furnish an illustration:

Some ten years ago, as our readers will remember, there was what was termed a "rebellion" in Canada, and after the "patriots" were subdued, some were summarily executed, and a portion banished, for a long term of years to Australia.—Most of these latter were men of families, from which they were torn without mercy, to expiate in a far distant land, by imprisonment and hard labor, the crime of having failed in their attempt to rid their country of the evils of misgovernment. We think they acted very unwisely in proceeding to the extremes they did, but this point we will not stop to consider. With one of these expatriated men our tale has chiefly to do.

For seven or eight weary years he had borne the hardships of a lonely captivity, hopeless of ever seeing home or friends again, when a general amnesty was proclaimed by the British Government in regard to all, with one or two exceptions, of those who had been concerned in the rebellion.—Our hero was now at liberty, and his first thought was to seek his home. But he had no means to pay his passage there, and he accordingly shipped on board a whaling vessel, which at the end of two years more, landed him upon his native shores.

Wife, children, and friends filled his thoughts, and he hastened on to his old residence in Canada. Every thing remained as it had been—friends and neighbors greeted him as he passed along—but how his heart sunk within him to find the homestead deserted, and to learn that his wife had been married two years to another, supposing the husband of her youth to be dead. She and her new-found mate had left that part of the country and settled somewhere in Illinois.

The poor man felt desolate indeed, and he determined to see, and if possible to reclaim his wife and children. After weary travel and many inquiries he traced them to Knox County, Illinois, where they were comfortably settled in their new home. There he presented himself a few days since. The wife could not have been more surprised or pained to see an apparition from the grave, for she had long considered him as dead.—The new husband, too, was rather disagreeably surprised to see before him a claimant for his wife. What should be done? The first husband was anxious to obtain the lady, the second was disinclined to give her up, looking upon his claim as good.

They were reasonable people all around. The original claimant remained in the neighborhood a couple of weeks, during which time the matter was frankly talked over. At last the rivals came to the very just and rational conclusion that the lady was the proper person to make a final decision of the question, and to her it was mutually agreed to refer it, giving her time to consider it in all its bearings.

What more perplexing position could a woman be placed in than that? Here were two men with almost equal claims upon her affection. One was the father of all her children but one, the companion of her youth—the other, bound to her heart by new and sacred ties, and by the mutual love they bore an infant that had been born to them. She could not for a time decide—what true-hearted woman could? A tumult of thoughts and emotions filled her heart, alternately swaying her from side to side. Thus the conflict lasted for several days, during which time she was enabled to look clearly into her own heart, and at last she was ready for a decision.

Which could she choose but the man around whom were twined the tendrils of a first and strong affection—to whom she had given the first offerings of her heart? The needle may vibrate for a time, but it points at last with unfailing constancy to the never setting star of the North; and in like manner, the heart of a true woman, having in the wide universe but one fitting mate, will, after all vicissitudes, turn lovingly to the sunny warmth of "first, only love."

A disposition of the youngest child must now be made, and it was mutually agreed by the two men, that, as it could not be deprived of a mother's care, the first husband should take it with the other children, to be restored to the father at some future time. The re-united family now made preparations to go to a new home; and so great was the interest excited in the neighborhood by this singular affair, that as many as a hundred and fifty persons from the neighborhood were present to witness their departure. On Saturday last they came up in the packet Louisiana, on their way to Michigan, where they will take up their residence.

We naturally sympathize with the first husband, to whom wife and children are restored, but who will not feel for the bereavement of the second?—*Chicago Tribune.*

A SONG.

FROM THE HARBINGER.

Love me a little! I am worth thy love,
And shall grow lovelier beneath thine eyes
Yes! with a beauty time cannot remove,
'Neath those new stars that on my path arise.

Listen! and I will tell thee all the lore
The summers in their passing have told me,
Sweet but how well mine eyes have kept the store
Nor told their secrets yet to aught but thee!

Save to the silent, ardent summer sky,
To which I yielded with a trust profound,
The treasures of my Being's destiny;
Ere yet my better heaven in thee was found.

And still I see its azure depth reveal
The tales I traced as in a tablet true;
So in my absence, dearest, thou canst steal
My hopes and dreams again from out the blue!

SWIMMING IN THE PACIFIC.

The grand recreation of the Sandwich Islanders is the constant habit of swimming. In fact, the natives are all but amphibious, and seem to be as much at home in the water as on the land; and, at all times of the day, men, women and children are sporting about in the harbor, or even beyond the reef, with shoals of sharks, perhaps, as their playfellows. These voracious creatures, however, are far less likely to meddle with the aborigines than with foreigners, not that they prefer white men to brown, but because they have been taught by experience that one Hawaiian has more of the Tartar in him than a score of Europeans. There is scarcely an instance on record in which a native has suffered any serious injury from a shark. If, at any time, the latter take the preliminary step of turning over on his side to get a mouthful, the former is sure at least to elude the attack by diving below the monster, while if he has a knife or similar weapon, he seldom fails to destroy the enemy, by carrying the war into his interior.

To return to the swimming: it was part of our daily amusement to watch the rapid and elegant evolutions of the performers, more particularly of the ladies, who, in the great majority of cases, excel their lords and masters in agility and science. Even in the point of strength and endurance, one woman, a short time before our arrival, had carried off the palm from her husband. The whole story is well worth telling, as illustrative of something better than toughness of muscle, or suppleness of limb. A man and his wife, both Christians, were passengers in a schooner, which foundered at a considerable distance from the land. All the natives on board promptly took refuge in the sea; and the man in question, who had just celebrated divine service in the ill fated vessel, called his fellows, some of them being converts as well as himself, around him, to offer up another tribute of praise and supplication from the deep, in which they were struggling, with a combination of courage and humility, perhaps unequalled in the world's history, in order deliberately to worship God in that universal temple under whose roofless pavement the speaker and most of his hearers were destined to find their graves.

The man and his wife had each succeeded in procuring the support of a covered bucket by way of buoy; and away they struck with the rest for Kahoolawe, finding themselves next morning alone in the ocean, after a whole afternoon and night of privation and toil. To aggravate their misfortunes, his wife's bucket went to pieces soon after daylight, so that she had to make the best of her way without assistance or relief; and in the course of the afternoon the man became too weak to proceed, till his wife, to a certain extent, restored his strength by shampooing him in the water.—They now had Kahoolawe in full view, after having been about four-and-twenty hours on the dreary voyage. In spite, however, of the cheering sight, the man fell into such a state of exhaustion, that the woman took the bucket for herself, giving him, at the same time, the hair of her head as a towing line. And, when even this exertion proved too much for him, the faithful creature, after trying in vain to rouse him to prayer, took his arms round her neck, holding them together with one hand, and making with the other for the shore. When a trifling distance remained to be accomplished, she discovered that he was dead, and, dropping his corpse, reached the land before night, having passed over upwards of twenty five miles, during an exposure of nearly thirty-eight hours.—*Simpson's Overland Journey Round the World.*

Praying by Machinery.—A traveller in Thibet says:—"On the path from the village to the 'Sangho,' stands a tiny house of prayer, rudely constructed of stones: a flag is stuck up on its top, but within, it contains only a niche, in which is placed a '*prayer-cylinder.*' This little machine, which in form is exactly like a coffee-roaster, covered with hide, and resting on a movable axle, is called a '*Mannah*,' or '*Lamade Mannah*.' The [illegible] may frequently be seen to stand still before [illegible] oratory, and diligently to turn the [illegible] performing their devotions."

WEDDED LOVE.

ADDRESSED BY A YOUNG WIFE TO A DESPONDING HUSBAND.

Come, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not well
To let thy spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood;
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all,
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts by gathering up the rills
Of lesser grief, spread real ills;
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The land-marks hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee, now! I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, noble, gifted, ardent, kind—
Strange thou should'st thus be shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what Heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this weary weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great;
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly wo.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its power control,
Familiar to thy wife;
For deemest thou she could stoop to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame
The shrine that sunk her so to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest! from the dream
That fetters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom—hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud which lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished for goal, the guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on
Until its bounds be won;
That quenchless ray, thou'lt ever prove,
Is fond, undying, WEDDED LOVE!

STORY OF A SAILOR.

Four years ago I left the port of Boston, the master of a fine ship, bound for China. I was worth ten thousand dollars, and was the husband of a young and handsome wife, whom I had married six months before. When I left her I promised to return to her in less than a twelvemonth. I took all of my money with me save enough to support my wife in my absence, for the purpose of trading when in China, on my own account. For a long time we were favored with prosperous winds, but when in the China seas a terrible storm came upon us, so that in a short time I saw the vessel must be lost, for we were drifting on the rocks of an unknown shore. I ordered the men to provide each for himself in the best possible manner, and forget the ship, as it was an impossibility to save her. We struck—a sea threw me upon the rocks senseless, and the next would have carried me back into a watery grave, had not one of the sailors dragged me further up the rocks.

There were only four of us alive, and, when morning came, we found that we were on a small uninhabited island, with nothing to eat but the wild fruit common to that portion of the earth. I will not distress you by an account of our sufferings there; suffice it to say that we remained sixty days before we could make ourselves known to any ship. We were taken into Canton, and there I had to beg: for my money was at the bottom of the sea, and I had not taken the precaution to have it insured.

It was nearly a year before I found a chance to come home, and then I, a *captain*, was obliged to ship as a common sailor! It was two years from the time that I left America that I landed in Boston. I was walking in a hurried manner up one of its streets, when I met my brother-in-law. He could not speak nor move, but he grasped my hand, and the tears gushed from his eyes.

"Is my wife alive?" I asked.

He said nothing.

Then I wished that I had perished with my ship, for I thought my wife was dead, but he very soon said,

"She is alive."

Then it was my turn to cry for joy. He clung to me and said,

"Your funeral sermon has been preached, for we have thought you dead for a long time."

He said my wife was living in our little cottage in the interior of the State. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, and I took a train of cars that would carry me within twenty-five miles of my wife. Leaving the cars I hired a boy, though it was night, to drive me home. It was about two o'clock in the morning when that sweet little cottage of mine appeared in sight. It was a warm, moonlight night, and I remember how like a heaven it looked to me. I got out of the carriage and went to the window of the room where the servant girl slept, and gently knocked. She opened the window and asked "who was there?"

"Sarah, do you not know me?" said I.

She screamed with fright, for she thought me a ghost, but I told her to unfasten the door and let me in, for I wished to see my wife. She let me in and gave me a light, and I went up stairs to my wife's room. She lay sleeping quietly. Upon her bosom lay our child, whom I had never seen. She was as beautiful as when I left her, but I could see a mournful expression upon her face. Perhaps she was dreaming of me. I gazed for a long time—I did not make any noise, for I dare not wake her. At length I imprinted a soft kiss upon the cheek of my little child. While doing it a tear dropped from my eye and fell upon her cheek. Her eyes opened as clearly as though she had not been sleeping. I saw that she began to be frightened, and I said,

"Mary, it is your husband!"

And she clasped me about my neck and fainted. But I cannot describe to you that scene. She is now the happy wife of a poor man. I am endeavoring to accumulate a little property, and then I will leave the sea forever.

BIRD CATCHING.

* * * * I told you that when the fowler springs into a recess of a cliff, he secures his rope until he requires to swing himself off again. A daring rockman had made his landing in safety, but the rope he was about to fasten—slipped from his hold and oscillated in open air! There was what Mr. Puff, in his Critic, calls "a situation,"—a hopeless imprisonment in the bowels of the precipice, until death from hunger should release him! A moment of hesitation, and he was lost for ever. The first returning swing of the rope might happily bring it within the chance of grasping—the second, and hope was over. It came, the desperate man was ready, he marked with his eye and measured the point at which its oscillation inwards would terminate. The moment came—the fowler sprang desperately in the air, grasped the frail rope as it trembled—ere it swept from his reach for ever—and he was saved.—*Maxwell's Wanderings.*

* * * * A father and two sons were out together, and having firmly attached their ropes to the summit of a precipice, they descended to their usual occupation. Having collected as many birds and eggs as they could carry, they were all three ascending by the rope; the eldest of the sons first, his brother a fathom or two below him, and the father of the two following last.

They had made considerable progress, when the elder son, looking upward, perceived the rope, grinding against the sharp edge of a rock, gradually giving away. He immediately reported the alarming fact.

"Will it hold together till we gain the summit?" asked the father.

"It will not hold another minute," was the reply, "our triple weight is lessening it rapidly."

"Will it hold one?" said the father.

"It is as much as it can do," replied the son; "even that is doubtful."

"There is then a possibility at least of one's being saved—draw your knife instantly and cut away below!" was the cool and intrepid order of the parent.

"My son, exert yourself and you may yet escape, and live to comfort your poor mother!"

There was no time for hesitation. The son looked up once more but to see the rope severing on the rock's edge. The knife was drawn, the rope was divided, and the father and brother was launched into eternity.—*Stadley's History of Birds.*

MAL-APROPOS THANKS.

Some years since there lived in a neighboring State, a most worthy, excellent old man, a leading member in the Methodist Church, one in whose heart there was no guile. The old man never missed "the stated preaching of the gospel," and from his extreme deafness, his seat was always under the pulpit.

Upon one occasion our old friend was in his usual place to listen to the last sermon which the preacher, whose term had ended, was to preach to that congregation. Naturally, in alluding to the past year, he commented upon all they suffered and enjoyed together—and that now it was with an aching heart, that he was compelled to say, that this was the last time, in all human probability, he should ever address them. Our old friend, who heard only here and there a word, and from the deep feeling evinced by both pastor and people, concluded that some touching address must be making, to the utter astonishment of the whole congregation, in his honesty, and from the fullness of his heart, shouted out, "Amen! amen! the Lord grant it, amen!"—*Spirit of the Times.*

A Poser.—A calm, blue-eyed, self composed and self-possessed young lady in a village "Down East," received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither: "I've been asked a good many times if you was engaged to Dr. C——. Now if folks inquire ag'in whether you be or not, what shall I tell 'em I think?"

"Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblushing steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "tell them that you *think* you don't know, and that you are *sure* it is none of your business."—*Knickerbocker.*

A WIFE'S DUTIES.

We take the following admirable page from a book just published, under the somewhat dubious title of "Whom to Marry, and When to Get Married." A book that, in the guise of pleasantry, ridicules the false conventional modes of society, and conveys many and truthful lessons to women:

"Really, father," I exclaimed, indignantly, "I don't see that the wife should be the servant of the husband."

"No, I know you don't, Lotty," he answered, bitterly, "and that will be the cause of all your misery through life. You are like many others, whose natures have been poisoned by the empty fashion of the time, and think it a degradation in the wife to serve the husband, though you are the first to complain if the husband neglect to serve that wife. Let *him* fail to earn the daily food, and none like yourselves know so well the wrong that has been done to you. But if you are told it is your duty to do any servitude for him in return, your conventional nature rebels at the fancied indignity of making the least return for your living."

"Yes, father, I'll grant that may hold with the lower orders," I replied; "but you forget that among the higher classes a lady expects to have her servants under her."

"I know she does," he went on; "and because the man who has the lucky accident of being able to find her this assistance gladly parts with his means to ease her of her rightful labors, she thinks nothing remains for her to do, and henceforth considers the performance of any of the domestic duties a disgrace; her greatest glory being to be thought the woman of fashion, and her greatest shame to be fancied to be the house-wife; until at length the only pleasure thought of is outside her home, her only happiness to be away from her hearth; and often so unsexed does she become, that she must even lay aside that quality which is her greatest beauty of all, and hand her very babes over to be suckled by a stranger, so that the duties of the mother may not spoil the figure of the fine lady, or the cries of her helpless little one for the food which Heaven has entrusted her with, may not drag her away an hour or two earlier from the theatre or ball-room. And what is the frightful consequence of all this? The mother brings up her daughters with the same views as herself; she heaps upon them all the most factitious accomplishments, and teaches them that the great object of their girlhood is to catch a man who has the power of finding them in every luxury and keeping them in continual idleness."

"But, father, you speak like an embittered, disappointed man, and as if you hated women," was all I could say in defence.

"I speak, my good child," he continued, more excited than before, "as one who loves and admires woman as Heaven formed her. My profession has shown to me what a masterpiece of creation she is. It is seeing her in the sick room that makes me loathe the outward semblance of her that I find in the ball-room. It is seeing her as I have, beaming with that most special and wondrous quality of her nature—her maternal love—that most bounteous gift of Him who ordained that on the very threshold of our existence the warmest and purest of all the affections should greet us; and it is seeing what the mother, in her natural state, can and will bear for her babe, that makes my heart sick when I see, as I too frequently do, for how little the mother, in her artificial state, will put her child away."

PYRAMID OF BAYONETS.

The officers as well as sub-officers of the Russian horse-guards are subjected to the most rigorous discipline, and are required to execute on horseback all the manœuvres of a theatrical equestrian.

One day an officer of the Lancer Guard was going through his exercise before the Grand Duke. He had performed all the usual evolutions in the most satisfactory way, until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn—his horse proved restive, and refused to obey either bridle or spur.

The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey it; but without effect, for the fiery animal continued to prance about in defiance of his rider; who was, nevertheless, an excellent horseman. The rage of the Grand Duke vented itself in furious imprecations, and all present trembled for the consequences. "Halt!" he exclaimed, and ordered a pyramid of twelve muskets, with fixed bayonets, to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed.

The officer who had by this time subdued the restiveness of his horse, was ordered to leap the pyramid—and the spirited animal bore his rider safely over it.

Without an interval of delay, the officer was commanded to repeat the fearful leap, and to the amazement of all present, the noble horse and his brave rider stood in safety on the other side of the pyramid.

The Grand Duke, exasperated at finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarous purpose, repeated the order the third time. A general, who happened to be present, now stepped forward and interceded for the pardon of the officer; observing that the horse was exhausted, and that the enforcement of the order would be to doom both horse and rider to a horrible death.

This humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was punished with the immediate arrest of the general, who had thus presumed to rebel. The word of command was given, and horse and rider for the third time cleared the glittering bayonets.

Rendered furious by these repeated disappointments, the Grand Duke for the fourth time—"To the left about!—Forward!" The order was obeyed, and for the fourth time the horse leapt the pyramid, and then, with his rider, dropped down exhausted. The officer extricated himself from the saddle and rose unhurt, but the horse had both of his fore legs broken.

The countenance of the officer was deadly pale, his eyes stared wildly, and his knees shook under him. A deadly silence prevailed as he advanced to the Grand Duke, and laying his sword at his highness' feet, he thanked him in a faltering voice for the honor he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service.

"I take back your sword," said the Grand Duke, gloomily, "and are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this undutiful conduct towards me?"

The officer was sent to the guard house. He subsequently disappeared, and no trace of him could be discovered. This scene took place at St. Petersburg, and the facts are proved by the evidence of credible eye-witnesses.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN CHILDREN.

A more interesting case of true presence of mind was seldom if ever recorded than the following, which occurred some time ago in one of the interior towns of Maine. A gentleman who lived in a beautiful villa, a little retired from one of the charming villages which every where adorn New England, had gone, with several members of his family, on Sabbath morning, to attend worship at the village church, leaving only three small children at home. The oldest of them was a son of thirteen years, the second eleven, and the third a daughter of nine. These children were considered every way trusty by their parents, who entertained no fears for the safety of home during their absence at church. The time of the little ones was occupied with moral and interesting books, as was common with them when thus left at home, till toward noon they thought they discovered symptoms of wood burning, and on ascending to the head of the stairs, found the whole upper part of the house enveloped in smoke and flame. On going out they saw the fire bursting through the roof in every part, threatening destruction not only to the house but to every thing in it.

There was now no time for deliberation. What was to be done was done instantly, and quick as thought each child was at work as if their several parts had been assigned them by the wisdom of age, after mature deliberation. The elder boy mounted a horse and rode with all possible speed to the village, to obtain assistance there. At the same time, and with a discretion far in advance of their years, the younger lad and his sister set about clearing the house of such articles as their strength was able to remove. In the first place they secured their father's papers. Next they contrived to remove an elegant eight day brass clock, of much value. To accomplish this they placed two feather beds in front of it on the floor, and throwing it over on its face, drew it out on one of the beds, and thus removed it beyond the flames. After this they got out the beds and bed-clothes, and next secured the contents of their mother's wardrobe. Her china and silver ware were then carefully put into baskets and placed beyond the reach of harm.

Thus they kept steadily but calmly at work, removing articles, giving each article priority according to its value, till they were relieved from their anxieties and toils by the arrival of the family and neighbors from the meeting, one or two miles distant. Nearly all that was done on this occasion was accomplished by the cool demeanor and unflinching perseverance of these two children, as, when the people arrived, the fire had extended to every room in the house, and rendered access almost impossible. Seventy times they risked their lives to save articles which they thought would be highly esteemed by their mother.—*Boston Traveller.*

Call Things by their Right Names.—An affair occurred in a town in Vermont, a short time since, which, in spite of the seriousness of the subject with which it was connected, must have been exceedingly ludicrous, and which illustrates the necessity of calling things by their right names.—A deacon of the church, as usual, went to the store with his jug for some wine for the communion, and in calling for it, instead of calling for *wine*, as he should, he said he would take "a little more of that oil." The storekeeper—very ignorant, probably—filled the jug with oil, and no mistake, and the deacon went home. The accident was not discovered, and the oil went upon the communion-table, and was partaken of by the church—no one wishing at that peculiar time to make the result of his discovery known.

Science and Art.

MARBLE MAKING.

Mr. Chambers, in his Edinburg Journal, in a recent account of a summer tour in Germany, gives a description of marble making in Salzburg, an ancient town most romantically located in a vale of the river Salza, in Germany. After speaking of the machinery for sawing marble blocks for statues, columns, &c., carried by a stream which dashes from a lofty alpine height, he says:

At a little distance, and higher up the hill, within the recesses of a most picturesque ravine, we were shown a more novel and curious operation; this was the making of boys' marbles, and a more simple process can hardly be conceived. Small pieces of marble being put into a peculiarly shaped stone trough or dish, a top of the same material, fitting into certain grooves, is made to whirl about by little streamlets led from the main torrent, and the marbles are soon ground into a spherical form. There were about twenty of these little spluttering mills, one above another on the stream, so that the scene was busy and amusing. At a glance, we were let into the secret of cheap pebble-grinding in Germany. No expense whatever had been incurred in constructing the mills; the apparatus was of the homeliest kind; the sluices on the impetuous streamlets were each nothing more than a turf; the raw material came out of the hill side; and the superintendent of the works was a female, who probably considered herself well paid at a remuneration of two-pence a day. And from this primitive manufactory boys' marbles are sent in vast numbers all over the world.

Wood Carving.—This has hitherto been a slow and expensive process, which seemed to set machinery at defiance. But *Invention*, which in other branches of art has achieved such wonders, has at length extended its triumph to this. By a process, the nature of which we do not understand, perfect *fac similes* can be produced of the most rich and costly carvings, at a cost so low as to bring them within the reach of all. Samples of panels, &c., produced by this process have been shown us, and are all that could be desired. In one hour, a machine will turn out work that would occupy the most skillful manual labor for weeks, if not months. A patent for the invention has been secured, both in England (where it originated) and in the United States.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

Straw for Bonnets.—Directions for cutting straw, to adapt it for the manufacture of straw bonnets, hats, &c. "Cut wheat or rye straw while in full blossom, or as the blossoms begin to fall. Scald it a few hours after it is cut (the head being first cut off,) in boiling water about a quarter of a minute, then spread and dry it in the sun. Take care that neither rain or dew falls upon it. It will cure in three day's sunshine. Then keep it in a dry place. To split the straw after it is properly cured, so as to reduce it to a proper texture, it is only necessary to fit the point of a pen knife in a piece of board, leaving about the eighth or a fourth of an inch above the board, then pulling the straw against it. Straw of any size can be made."

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 4, 10, 6, 15, 8, is a County in Virginia.
My 2, 19, 14, 9, is a County in North Carolina.
My 3, 4, 8, 2, 1, 19, is a County in Georgia.
My 4, 16, 11, 8, 6, 22, is a County in Virginia.
My 5, 14, 7, 2, is a County in Tennessee.
My 6, 10, 18, 21, 8, 22, is a County in Virginia.
My 7, 10, 12, 15, 8, 6, 18, 8, is a Town in Germany.
My 8, 22, 17, 19, 4, 8, is a County in Kentucky
My 9, 1, 19, is a River in Europe.
My 10, 2, 13, 17, 19, is a County in Missouri.
My 11, 17, 12, 18, 6, 15, 8, is a County in Michigan.
My 12, 4, 6, 11, 8, is a County in Virginia.
My 13, 11, 5, 16, 4, 12, 20, is a County in Maryland.
My 14, 4, 12, 1, 7, 18, is a County in Ohio.
My 15, 2, 5, is a River in Switzerland.
My 16, 4, 11, 8, 22, is a County in Tennessee.
My 17, 7, 2, is a County in Virginia.
My 18, 6, 9, 16, is a River in Germany.
My 19, 2, 12, 7, 1, is a County in New Jersey.
My 20, 18, 4, 8, is a County in Florida.
My 21, 16, 8, 18, is a Lake in Ireland.
My 22, 19, 8, 18, is a Town in Egypt.
My whole was the name of an American General in the Revolutionary War.

J. W. MORGAN, Jr.

CHARADES.

1.

My first is a pleasant repast,
Which depends on my second's assistance,
For which, if their efforts should fail,
My whole may still keep in existence.

2.

I would go far in my second to fetch my first, and would not willingly part with my whole.

RIDDLE.

A riddle of riddles that dances and skips,
It deceives with the eye, and cheats with the lips;
It seldom is seen, yet often is read
It's light as a feather, and as heavy as lead
If it meet with its match it is happily caught,
But if money can buy it, it's not worth a groat.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Two of the sides of a certain Triangular field, measure, the one 50, and the other 30 perches; and the whole area thereof, is 3 acres and 120 perches. Required, the third side. Will any one furnish an answer?

DELTA.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a tallow chandler the worst and most unfortunate of men?
Ans.—Because all his works are wicked, and all his wicked works are brought to light.

☞ What does a stone become in the water?
Ans.—Wet.

☞ Why are geese like opera dancers?
Ans.—No other animals can stand so long on one leg.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Ex-President Martin Van Buren.

CHARADE.—Bed-Chamber.

RIDDLE.—Glass.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
35.7217945 perches.

Mr. Editor,—Permit me to answer the question of the requested triangle, asked by "Augustus," in your paper of June 10th. The therein named persons stood apart of each other a little better than [illegible] 735 feet.

D. D.

The Olio.

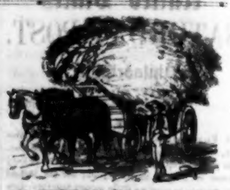
The End of Education.—The multitudes think that to educate a child, is to crowd into its mind a given amount of knowledge; to teach the mechanism of reading and writing; to load the memory with words—to prepare for the routine of trade.—No wonder, then, that they think every body fit to teach. The true end of education is to unfold and direct aright our whole nature. Its office is to call forth powers of thought, affection, will, and outward action; power to observe, to reason, to judge, to contrive; power to gain and spread happiness. Reading is but an instrument, education is to teach its best use. The intellect was created not to receive passively a few words, dates, and facts; but to be active for the acquisition of truth. Accordingly, education should inspire a profound love of truth, and teach the process of investigation. A sound logic, by which we mean the science or art which instructs in the laws of reasoning and evidence, in the true method of inquiry and the sources of false judgment, is an essential part of a good education.—*Channing.*

Influence of Cleanliness.—A neat, clean, fresh aired, sweet, cheerful, well arranged and well situated house, exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and habits of respect for others and those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual and regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions render them reckless and brutal; and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others or for the laws.

Improved Rifle.—A repeating rifle, capable of discharging forty balls a minute, has been patented by one Jennings, of New York City. The lock which controls the movements, is moved by one simple spring, which any black smith can make, and the movements are all positive. There is no stopping to prime or put on caps. It is discharged by percussion pills, a small reservoir near the lock containing enough for one hundred charges. Each charge, which is compact and encased in tin foil, is brought to its place by moving a slide with the fore-finger, which can be done in an instant.

Sewerage.—The people of Great Britain have just found out that they have been committing a waste of from one hundred to two hundred millions of pounds sterling annually in the kingdom by washing away all the sewerage into the rivers. Companies have recently been formed under authority of Parliament, for collecting the refuse of sewers, which, for manuring purposes, is found to be invaluable. Cannot other cities take a hint from these facts?

Agricultural.



AN EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

A New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer, gives the following description of the experimental farm belonging to Professor Napes, (query, *Mapes*,) near that city:

Science is gradually making its way to the farm-house, and lending its powerful and important aid to agricultural pursuits. As an incentive to others to "go and do likewise," I will state very briefly what a practical chemist is now doing in this vicinity in experimental farming. Professor Napes, for some years past a resident in this city, and well known as a chemist and scientific man, concluded last fall to turn his attention to agriculture. For this purpose he purchased a small farm of about forty acres, in New Jersey, between two and three miles northwest of Newark. He is now in the midst of his first season, and yesterday I went out to his place in company with some of the members of the American Institute to see what sort of a start he had made in his new pursuit. The result was highly gratifying, and left the impression that this little experimental farm will help to give a valuable stimulus to the agriculture of the country. The basis of his soil is principally a disintegrated sandstone with a mixture of clay. The farm had been occupied for some years past by a mechanic, who had paid but little attention to it, and it was in a low state of cultivation, thus making it a fair field to test the results of chemical farming.

On our arrival we were seated awhile in the Professor's snug parlor, where he gave us a general account of the farm, the nature of the soil, the sources and the mode of procuring, preparing, and applying manures, the effects of various chemical action in the composition of manures, and their influence upon vegetation. In short, it was an admirable chemical lecture applied to agriculture. He then took us over the farm to see what he had done and what he was preparing to do. At the barn we found two yoke of the handsomest and most powerful working oxen I have ever seen.

"Where did you find such cattle?"

"I called a man to my aid who was a first-rate judge of animals and told him to go out and look for them, directing him to bring me two pairs of the best oxen he could find between New York and Bangor, regardless of the expense."

The result was that he brought back these cattle at about two hundred dollars a yoke, "and cheap enough at that," said the Professor. One pair weighed about three thousand eight hundred pounds. We then went into the field to see them plough, and the ease with which they took the plough the soil seemed more like the work of a powerful steam engine than of animal power. The first yoke cut a furrow sixteen inches in depth. The next yoke followed with the sub-soil plough in the same furrow, cutting and loosening the earth sixteen inches below the first furrow. The Professor says deep ploughing is very important for large crops. Some of his ploughing is thirty-six inches deep. His system of preparing and applying manures is scientific and important, and, judging from present appearances, he will produce remarkable results. The science of a succession of crops in the same season, without impoverishing the soil, is of vast importance. The Professor says that from a single acre he shall take off this season eight hundred bushels of potatoes, three thousand five hundred cabbages, and six hundred bushels of turnips, which must be worth five or six hundred dollars at the lowest market prices. His crop of cabbages this season he calculates at eighty thousand heads. He has a new variety of potato, which he calls the nutmeg potato, of which he expects to raise this season eighteen hundred bushels, which will be disposed of for seed at one dollar a bushel. He calculates that he will have a hundred and twenty thousand nutmeg mellons for market this season, which certainly ought to average two cents a piece, and at that price, they would yield twenty-four hundred dollars. There is on the farm a great variety of other vegetables and crops to which I make no reference.

Unlike most farmers he does not leave a strip of waste land along by the side of his fences, but cultivates every inch snug to the fence. Against each post in the fence he sets out a fruit-tree, and midway between the posts a grape-vine, which, as it runs and spreads, will rest on the fence. In this way he will soon have three miles of grape-vines and fruit trees on ground which ordinary farmers would let run to waste. He uses his farm like a great machine of wonderful powers, if properly and scientifically handled. He employs upon it about twenty hands, but says in a high state of cultivation it would give employment to eighty.

Goldsmith says, in that sweet poem, the "Deserted Village"—

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man."

But I think Professor Napes is in a fair way of proving that in this country a rood of ground may be made to maintain quite a number of men; and I hope he will do much to convince our farmers that scientific farming is of more importance to them than great numbers of acres.

MIXED CROPS.

Messrs. Editors.—I have followed the occupation of a farmer for about twenty-five years on my own account, during which time I have made many innovations on the customs, and I had almost said, established rules of my brother farmers in my vicinity; so much so that I have often been called odd; nevertheless, when I have been fully convinced by reading, reflection and observation, of any improvement upon the course pursued by our fathers, I have not scrupled to adopt them.

As far as the experience of two years in the cultivation of mixed crops may go, I feel perfectly safe in pursuing the same or a similar course the coming season. I allude to the method of raising potatoes and peas with corn. My practice is as follows: I haul a quantity of swamp muck, of which, by the way, I have a large supply, the year before I wish to use it, to some convenient place, in order to have the rains, frosts and atmosphere act upon and decompose the soluble matter of which it is composed. In the Spring I mix about one third of horse manure, fresh from the heap, and thoroughly incorporate the mass. It will be fit for use in six or eight days; the next thing is to mix wood ashes, plaster and sand together in the proportion of four of ashes, two of sand, and one of plaster.

The ground I prefer is sward land, recently turned. Then the land is marked off into rows three and a half feet each way; in every alternate corner is placed half a pint of the latter mixture, on which is dropped two middling sized potatoes, and about a tablespoonful of peas; in the other corner is put a small shovel full of the muck compost, on which is planted corn. The whole is then covered with the hoe, and cultivated in the usual way; time of planting, early as the season will permit.

About the first of August I apply to each hill of potatoes and peas, about one quarter of an ounce of common salt. In this way I get a large crop of corn, a fair crop of peas, and a good crop of potatoes, perfectly free from disease. With what experience I have had, I fully believe the foregoing method, if faithfully followed, will give the same results.—*Boston Cultivator.*

PRODUCTIVE APPLE TREES.

Browne, in his trees of America, says there is an apple tree at Romney, in Virginia, which, according to Dr. Moore, grew spontaneously from seed, is estimated to be fifty years old, and has attained a height of forty five feet, with a trunk more than a yard in diameter. In 1835, it produced one hundred and eighty bushels of large fruit, besides four or five bushels left under the tree so damaged, and several bushels taken by visitors during the course of the season—so that the whole amount, in the opinion of Dr. Moore, must have been nearly two hundred bushels.

The greatest quantity of fruit borne on a single tree in England, in one year, grew in Littlefield, Sussex, and produced seventy-four bushels of fruit—the total weight of the crop being nearly two tons.

Repeated instances have occurred in Western New York, of trees of the Rhode Island Greening, with little or no cultivation, yielding single crops of more than forty bushels.

BUGS ON VINES.

Messrs. Editors.—Having been much annoyed the *present* as well as *past seasons*, by the operations of bugs upon squashes, cucumbers, melons, &c., &c., I mention a fact that has come under my observation, for the benefit of those who will take the trouble to make the experiment. About the hills containing the seeds, at the time of planting, were set eight or ten onions. These grew with the growth of the plants. The plants are now vigorous and fair, and have not been disturbed at all by any insect. This was the purpose for which the onions were set out; and the effect, the present season has been as desired. The onions are in condition to produce seed, without prejudice to the other crop. Possibly the experiment may be worthy the attention of those who would avoid the trouble of planting their seeds several times over.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Bone Dust.—Fruit trees are much benefited by the phosphate of lime, (i. e. bone dust.) Where bone dust cannot be had, bones themselves may be dug about the roots, and allowed to decompose gradually.